# McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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## FOUND DEAD FACE DOWN IN A SPRING

### John Griffin Drowned in Spring in Keating Township.

### WAS SUBJECT TO EPILEPTIC FITS.

**Young Niece Makes Ghastly Discovery Yesterday Afternoon—An Honorable and Highly Respected Citizen.**

John Griffin, a life long resident of Keating township, came to a sudden and shocking death at the home of his brother, Michael M. Griffin, about four miles south of this borough, yesterday afternoon by being drowned in a small spring of water only a few yards from the Griffin residence between four and five o'clock.

At the time of the accident the deceased and his niece, Miss Anna Griffin, aged about 16 years, were the only people about the place, the other members of the family being in attendance at the grange meeting. About four o'clock Mr. Griffin started to the spring for a pail of water. He had been gone only a very short time when Miss Griffin heard him make an outcry and rushed to the spring where she found that he had pitched head foremost into the spring where he lay unable to help himself. She made a desperate effort to draw him out, but, as he was rather a large man and she rather slight, was unable to do so. She then ran to the nearest neighbors for assistance but, although help came quickly, life had left his body before he was taken out of the water. A messenger was sent to Smethport where his brother was notified, who in company with Dr. Hamilton, hurried home.

The spring was of the ordinary size in this locality and was not deep enough to drown him had he been able to help himself. For the past eighteen years the deceased has been subject to epileptic fits and it is the general belief that he was seized with one of these fits just as he reached down for the water. In fact, it is almost a certainty for he was in the habit of making such an outcry Miss Griffin heard when she went to his assistance and found him completely helpless.

John Griffin, who was in his 54th year, was born in Keating township and is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Simon Brandell and Mrs. Eugene Duffey, and two brothers, Michael M. Griffin, with whom he made his home, and Richard Griffin of Keating township.

Mr. Griffin was a devoted member of the Roman Catholic church, was a regular attendant and in his life always lived up to the ennobling teachings of his religion. He was a faithful man to his employer and was kind and charitable to all his friends and neighbors. By such a life he has made a large number of friends in this locality who will sincerely mourn his seemingly untimely death.

The funeral will be held from the Swedish Lutheran church, which is used by the Catholic congregation, Rev. Father Cosgrove officiating, Friday morning at 10 o'clock and his remains will be laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

## PORT ALLEGANY FIRE.

**The Havenor Block and Contents Destroyed—Loss About $20,000**

A dispatch from Port Allegany says: Tuesday morning at about 3 o'clock the Havenor building, owned by the Dalrymple estate, was discovered to be on fire. The discovery was made by Lynn Huntley, who occupies rooms over the neighboring store of Hooker & Foote. He heard the noise of an explosion and soon found that the front part of the Havenor block was burning. An alarm soon brought out the firemen, but they could not save the property. It was destroyed.

Over the Havenor Bros. store were the offices of F. S. Lewis, attorney, and Field & Johnson, insurance agents, and in the rear at one end were the offices of the Citizens' Gas company. Except the safes and the few belongings of the gas company the entire building and all the contents were destroyed.

The Havenor stock of general merchandise, valued at about $12,000, was partially covered by insurance, as was also the building itself valued at about $8,000. Mr. Lewis' loss amounted to about $600, not covered by insurance, and Field & Johnson about $50. The Citizens' Gas company's loss is not yet estimated.

A. Turner, one of the hose company, was slightly hurt by a falling brick. Elton Holden was hurt by a falling ladder.


**Take a look at our new stock of Refrigators, they have no equal. Holmes & Gilfillan.**

**Subscribe for the MINER.**


## ANCIENT HISTORY

**Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.**

Martin.—In Hamilton township, on Thursday, April 11, 1878, of paralysis, Elizabeth, wife of Davault Martin and daughter of Charles Hafner, aged 35 years, 5 months and 10 days.

Her funeral took place the following Sunday, the services being held at the Clermont church by Rev. Charles Slack, pastor of the M. E. church and attended by an uncommonly large circle of friends and relatives. The sermon was excellent, the day was lovely, and the whole will be held in sacred memory by those who followed her to her last resting place. She was buried in the Clermont cemetery beside her friends who had gone home before her. She was a member of the Lutheran church and an earnest worker in Christ's vineyard. As daughter, wife, mother, sister or friend, she had not many equals. Truly her labor of love and patience will not soon be forgotten by those who mourn her loss.

We are pleased to learn that a gentleman named Picard, lately of Emporium and formerly of Reynoldsville, has rented the store building owned by J. G. Eaton for the purpose of putting in a first-class bakery, confectionery and grocery store. This is an institution of which the borough is much in need, and we hope and believe Mr. Picard will meet with a prosperous patronage.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Blakeslee, of Olean, have received one of Heaven's choicest blessings. It is a girl, and Corna and Frank are just too happy and proud for anything. [April 1878.]

A little girl about 12 years of age, daughter of Howell Jones, living near the Jabez Gallup farm on Marvin creek, went fishing in Stanton brook, on Saturday, May 4, 1878. Not returning at night, her parents became alarmed and speedily organized a large party of the immediate neighbors to go out in search of the missing one, which they did to no avail.

Her father finally found her at Buttsville on the following day, to which place she had wandered after becoming lost.

On Tuesday evening, May 14, 1878, the news came to this place that one of the employes of the McKean and Buffalo railroad had been seriously injured at Larrabee. An engine was also sent up after Dr. Brown, who returned immediately, as fast as steam could take him. He arrived about twenty minutes before the death of the unfortunate man, whose injuries were beyond human help. From careful inquiry we learn the facts of this sad affair to be about as follows:

J. K. Morton, the master mechanic at Larrabee, had been repairing a car, which was attached to a train about to move off. Just before the train started he undertook to improve his job by a few strokes of a paint brush. While absorbed in putting on the finishing touches the train started and before he could get out of the way he was caught between the car and the coal house, in a space of only about seven inches, and his body crushed and shoved the whole lenght of the car. The accident was not discovered until the train had passed.

He was of course terribly crushed and bruised, yet still conscious. His sufferings were no doubt extreme, and as nothing could be done for him death came as a welcome relief.

Mr. Morton was an elderly man, of over fifty years of age, and one of the most trusted employes of the road.

Last winter he was a constant attendant upon the protracted revival meetings held in that place, during which he became converted, and as all his associates can testify his conversion was undoubtedly thorough and genuine, and he has been ever since a humble, faithful and happy believer. He leaves a wife and one boy to mourn his loss. The latter is a clerk in Hamlin & Townsend's store at Clermont.

M. A. Sprague has broken ground for his new brick store building in his lot recently purchased of W. S. Brownell. (May 1878)

Died.—In Eldred, on Wednesday, May 15, 1878, after a very short illness, Almon Rice, in the 77th year of his age.

The deceased was born in Brandon, Rutland Co., Vt., November 27, 1801, and removed with his father, Rev. Justus Rice, to his late residence in 1818 or 1819, and has since that time resided in that immediate neighborhood. In 1835 he married Almira, eldest daughter of Timothy Carpenter, late of Eldred, who with five children remain to mourn his loss. The deceased lived in peace with his neighbors, and was by all esteemed an upright, fair dealing man. He believed that the only honest way to acquire property was to earn it, and the only honorable means of getting discharged from a debt was to pay it. Though careful in worldly matters he was generous to a fault whenever a case of real distress came within his notice, and very many have had cause to bless his charity and kindness. So sensitive was he to suffering that he could never bear to witness it even in the lower animals; and though he had no religious creed he lived and died in the firm belief that he who lives an honest life need have no fear of the hereafter.

The funeral was largely attended. The family connections were very numerous and the many sympathizing friends from near and far made up a concourse seldom equalled in our little community. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. S. D. Morris, of State Line, who from his boyhood has been the neighbor and intimate friend of the deceased, and many listeners pronounced the sermon one of the best ever delivered by that gifted divine.

May the influence and example of the life just closed, long remain among us to encourage industry, prudence, honesty and all the other virtues which combine to make up every walk of life the true man.

**Mrs. Chadwick's Prison Duty.**

A Columbus, Ohio, dispatch says: O. B. Gould, warden of the State prison, sees a bright light ahead in the coming of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick as one of the regular boarders. Visitors to the institution are charged an admission fee of twenty-five cents, and as the former Napoleoness of finance sews on hickory shirts for the men convicts people will flock to have a look at her, for a time at least, and the warden thinks that there will be a boom in the income of the prison. "It's an ill wind, etc.," says the warden.

If Mrs. Chadwick reaches the state museum within the next month she will be assigned to cell No. 9 in the woman's department, sharing it with Anna Wilson, a four-year-term prisoner from Dayton, convicted of pocket-picking. Women prisoners are required to live two in a cell, and the Wilson woman is the only one now without a cell mate.

Mrs. Chadwick will be measured by the Bertillon system as soon as received and photographed for the "Rogues' Gallery." She will be searched, stripped of her fine apparel and given the prison garb of blue and white calico for week days and a black flowered sateen for Sunday. If she has any money it will be taken by the warden and kept for her. She may spend $1 a week, no more. At 6 a. m. each day she will rise and prepare for her day's work. Her task will be four hickory shirts a day, with an hour's rest at noon and a half hour at 3 p. m. At 5:30 p. m. she may quit work if the four shirts are finished. She will sew by hand. Supper comes at 6, after which she will be locked in her cell. She may then read, but lights go out at 8:30. She will eat the prison fare, except for the $1 a week that she may spend, or friends may send in delicacies.

Cell No. 9, to which the noted prisoner will be assigned is at the east end of the building in the upper tiers, so that she can see over the walls, but when she looks out it will be over railroad yards and factory roofs.

Judge Taylor in sentencing her evidently made a mistake as to the good time she can earn. He supposed the rule would be applied to each of the six short sentences, which would make her short term eight years and two months, but the rule at the prison is to apply it to the whole term, and it will be done in her case, no doubt, so that she will serve only about six years and eight months if her behavior be good. The difference is one year four months and twenty-four days in her favor.

**The Dog Poisoner.**

After remaining inactive for a long time, Bradford's dog poisoner has resumed operations. Tuesday evening William Barnsdall's little pet terrier became fatally ill, and soon after died. An investigation by surgical means was made of the case and traces of strychnine poison were found. The dog had been fed with a piece of chicken in which had been concealed the deadly preparation.

At about the same time a "pointer" owned and highly prized as a fine hunting dog by Dr. G. E. Benninghoff, also showed symptoms of poisoning. Efforts were made to save the dog's life by such remedies as medical science prescribes. When last heard from the dog was still living, but the chances were against its recovery. The unknown fiend who does this sort of work is actuated by some motive that can not possibly be imagined.—Bradford Era.

**Fatally Stabbed.**

A dispatch from Lancaster, Pa., dated April 2, says:—Ralph W. Kline, aged 26 years, an artist, was fatally stabbed this afternoon by Jennie Good, aged 18. Kline and Miss Good were members of a party who were fishing in the Little Conestogo near Long Park. Kline and the girl had a quarrel, during which Miss Good threatened to cut out his heart. Kline threw out his chest and told her to stab. She did, plunging a knife into his breast, near the heart. He is at a hospital unconscious. The girl fled and has not yet been arrested.


**Bring us your lawn mower we will sharpen and repair it as good as new. Holmes & Gilfillan.**

**WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire of H. H. Redfield.**


## PROPOSED RACE TRACK, FAIR GROUNDS

### Excellent Site Selected on Hilton and Nourse Farms.

### OUR TOWNSMEN ARE INTERESTED

**Would be of Great Benefit to Smethport—Cost of First Class Track Small, Says an Expert.**

For some time past some of our enterprising citizens have been making an effort to locate a race track and fair grounds in or near this borough and a few days ago Robert W. Hilton had Mr. Dawson, a well-known track builder, look over the ground on the Hilton and Nourse farms at East Smethport. After carefully going over the land Mr. Dawson said that the site was an unusually good one, and that a half-mile track could be built there at very small cost.

Mr. Dawson, who has followed the profession of laying out and building race tracks for the past forty years, further stated that the soil and lay of land was exceptionally favorable on these farms and that a track better than the Jersey Farm track, at Olean, could be built for about $1500. As the Jersey Farm track is recognized by horsemen as the best track within a radius of 100 miles, this is saying a good deal for the proposed track and fair grounds.

This land can be easily secured for a term of years and it is proposed to build a race track and suitable buildings for county fairs, if the necessary capital can be raised. Such an institution would be of great benefit to the business men of Smethport and all interested in farming and stock raising throughout the county.

Port Allegany in former years had a race track and fair grounds and held annual county fairs, but owing to the fact that it is not centrally located, being almost at the extreme eastern end of the county, and that the race track was never a very good one, the fairs were never a decided success, although they were far from a complete failure.

Smethport has many advantages over Port Allegany in this matter. It is not only centrally located geographically, making it easy for farmers and stock raisers to bring their exhibits and attend by wagon route, but our excellent railroad facilities puts us in position to draw large attendance to the fairs from all over the county. There is hardly a place in the county that the people could not come from by rail in the morning, spend several hours at the fair and return home the same evening.

A track such as can be built on this location would be a great inducement for owners of fast horses to bring them here for training as well as having fast races at the fairs and race meets. An owner of fast horses informed the writer that if this track was built he had no doubt that there would be from 30 to 60 horses here during the training season and as there would be as many men to handle them it would amount to quite an industry.

Everybody interested in the welfare of Smethport should boost the race track and fair proposition, for good country fairs do much to advertise the natural advantages of a locality along with the other benefits derived.

**The Oyster and the Pearl.**

The man who pays for the oysters has, in at least one instance been handsomely rewarded for his generosity. A Hamburg dispatch says that the supreme court has rendered a decision as to the ownership of a pearl which a woman found in her mouth while partaking of an oyster supper provided by a gentleman friend. The value of the pearl is $750. The woman claimed the pearl and her escort supported her claim but the proprietor of the restaurant sued to recover the pearl on the ground that shells, like chickenbones were left by the customers and were a source of profit to the proprietor. The court decided that the pearl did not belong to the woman who found it, nor to the proprietor of the restaurant, but to the man who paid for the oysters. The court pointed out that if the ownership of the pearl were to repose in the restaurant proprietor instead of the person who paid for the oysters, then its ownership might as well be carried back to the oyster dealer who supplied the restaurant, and thence to the fisherman who took the oyster from its bed.

Abe J. Martin writes that he will arrive here at noon on Monday next and will be at the Grand Central Hotel until Wednesday morning with a complete spring line of gentlemen's shirt and ladies' shirt waist patterns and novelties.


**For Sale.**

**One second-hand Incubator also White Minorca and Pekin Ducks eggs for hatching. C. H. Gleason.**


**The President's Hunting Trip.**

President Roosevelt left Washington at five minutes after 9 o'clock Monday morning for his long anticipated wolf and big game hunting trip in the South and West, and to attend the reunion of the Rough Riders at San Antonio, Texas, Friday. His splendidly appointed special train should have pulled out of the Pennsylvenia Railroad station five minutes earlier, but the President was delayed by a carriage accident.

Just as he had driven away from the White House in company with his secretary, Mr. Loeb, one of the horses slipped on the asphalt pavement on Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the Treasury building, and fell on its side.

The President and Mr. Loeb alighted, and while the driver and footman were unharnessing the horse so that it could gain its feet the President gave numerous quick commands in direction.

At the railroad station Postmaster General Cortelyou and Secretary Metcalf were on hand to bid the President good-bye. The President's private car, Rocket was at the end of the train, and the special consisted of a Pullman sleeper and a combination buffet and baggage car.

All the other members of the party were at the train when the President arrived, consisting of General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., retired; Dr. Alexander Lambert, Lieutenant G. R. Fortescue, U. S. A., and several stenographers and clerks from the White House.

"I'm mighty glad to get started at last," declared the President. "I don't need a rest exactly, but I am going to take one in the open under God's blue heaven."

As the President's train started a cheer was raised by the crowd of spectators within the station, and the President acknowledged the compliment with a bow.

Secretary Taft will have charge of affairs at Washington during the President's absence.

**Base Ball Squibs.**

Shingle House will be ready to place a team in the league when it opens. Joseph Conners, the manager of a winning team two years ago, states that he will have a team again this year which will keep the other leaguers guessing. A finance committee has been appointed and the opera house rented, and a grand fair, benefit and dance will be given for the purpose of raising funds. Tickets entitling holder to admittances to five games will be issued at one dollar each, and the citizens will be asked to contribute merchandise which will be sold at auction, and it is hoped that $500 will be raised before the season starts.

Bolivar fans will form a $500 stock company and launch a first class team. With material at hand a first class team can be launched at small cost in Bolivar. Eldred fans are very enthusiastic and Smethport and Port Allegany are always ready to pay for good base ball.

Mt. Jewett, Derrick City, Portville and Roulette are also mentioned. Mt. Jewett, while more distant from some clubs, would pay better than Portville, unless league ball awoke the fans. Will some one kindly come forward with a name for the new league?

The league would be a business maker for the P., S. & N. and the trolley, and rates should be secured from both companies.

**The Body Found.**

The body of Lynn Coleman, the 12-year-old boy, who was drowned at Bradford on March 25, was found on Sunday by Lynn Wheaton, an uncle of the drowned boy. The body was found laying face downward in a clump of bushes and was almost wholly covered with water.

Since the day of the accident scores of persons have been engaged in searching for the remains of the boy. Dynamite was used at intervals in the hopes of raising the body, screens were placed below the Douglas dam and various other methods were employed to recover the corpse. It was feared that the high water and strong current, prevalent at the time of the drowning, would carry the body beyond the dam, but the discovery proved that it lodged within a short distance from where the boy sank on the day of the fatality.

**Not to Wed Miss Roosevelt.**

A dispatch from Washington says: Absolute denial is made at the White House of the report published in a New York society paper that Miss Roosevelt is engaged to be married to Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana. It is declared that the story is without the slightest foundation.

The report was a suprise to everyone in Washington, and it cannot be imagined where it originated, as Senator Beveridge has not been paying any marked attention to Miss Roosevelt, although he is a valued friend of her father.


**J. C. Hamlin is sole agent for Spalding's Official League base ball and athletic goods. Complete stock always on hand.**

**Just a new lot more of those convenient gas saving stoves. Holmes & Gilfillan.**


## THE TARR FARM.

**Herman Janes Bought It For $60-000 and Surprised Everybody.**

The recent death of Herman Janes, of Erie, recalls some of the abrupt methods employed during the early days of oildom in the purchase of property. The following incidents in which Mr. Janes was a prominent feature, are clipped from McLaurin's "Sketches in Crude Oil."

"On the evening of August 1, 1861, as James Tarr sat eating his supper of fried pork and johnny cake, Herman Janes of Erie entered the room. 'Tarr,' he said, 'I'll give you $60,000 in spot cash for your farm.' Tarr almost fell off his chair. A year before, $1,000 would have been big money for the whole plantation. 'I mean it,' continued the visitor; 'if you take me up I'll close the deal right here.' Tarr took him up, and the deal, which included the transfer of several leases, was closed quickly. Janes planked down the $60,000 and Tarr within an hour had stepped from poverty to affluence. This was the first large cash transaction in oil lands on the creek, and people promptly pronounced Janes a fool of the 33rd degree. An Irishman, on trial for stealing sheep, asked by the judge, whether he was guilty or not, replied: 'How can I tell till I hear the evidence?' Don't indorse the Janes verdict till you hear the verdict."

"For himself, George B. Delamater and L. L. Lamb in the summer of 1860, Grange Noble leased seven acres of the Tarr farm at the bend in Oil creek. Contracting with a Townville neighbor, N. S. Woodford, to juggle the spring pole, he cracked the first sand in June, 1861. The Crescent well tipped the beam at 500 barrels. (The Phillips well was drilled in soon afterward and was a famous producer).

"Janes sold back half the farm to Tarr for $40,000 and two-thirds of the remaining half to Clark & Summer, for $20,000, leaving him one-sixth clear of cost, the same month he bought the tract. He first suggested casing wells to exclude the water, built the first bulk boat (decked over)—600 barrels—to transport oil and was identified with the first practicable pipe line. Paying $75,000 for the Blackmar farm at Pithole, he drilled three dry holes and then got rid of the land at a snug advance.

"The amazing output of the Phillips and Woodford wells stimulated the demands for territory to the boiling point. Men were infinitely less eager to 'read their title clear to mansions in the skies,' than to secure the title to a fragment of the Tarr farm. Rigs huddled on the bank and in the water, for nobody thought that oil existed back in the hilly sections. Sixty yards below the Phillips' spouter, J. F. Crane sank a well that responded as pleasantly as the swinging of the crane." Densmore Bros. at the lower end of the farm drilled a 700-barreler late in 1861. * * * Mr. Janes built a commodious hotel and a town of 2,000 population flourished. James Tarr sold his entire interest in 1865 for gold equivalent to $2,000,000 in currency, and removed to Crawford county. Another million would hardly cover his royalties."

**Resolutions Adopted.**

At a regular meeting of the directors of the school district of Smethport borough, held April 3rd, 1905, on motion by John N. Apple, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, the geographical and commercial collection presented to the Smethport High School, has been handsomely mounted in a cabinet built for the same, and placed in the upper corridor of the school building, and we deeming it not only a pleasing and interesting addition to our school furnishings, but of great utility and high educational advantage, be it

RESOLVED, That a vote of thanks be and hereby is extended to the Philadelphia Museum for its presentation, and to Senator Myron Matson and Representative Joseph M. McElroy for their cordial and hearty endorsement of our application for the said collection.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Secretary School Board.

**Advertised Letters.**

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 1, 1905:

Mrs. James H. Aul, L. Baird & Co., Will Everson, James Jones, Millard McCarty.

Persons calling for those letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.


**I am offering for sale pure ground buckwheat flour made at Eldred mills from buckwheat raised on my own farms; also pure maple syrup, at $1.00 per gallon, in one gallon cans, made in sugar bush of A. G. Abbey. D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.**

**Don't forget the spring opening today of millinery and ladies' furnishings at Mrs. A. E. Hinman's.**

# As the Train Rolled North

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1904, by Frank H. Sweet

When the Southern Tahn Limited drew out from Jacksonville, northbound, there were two young men on board under widely different circumstances. One was crouching upon the second step of a Pullman forward, with his eyes fixed gravely upon the door through which the conductor would pass on his round of ticket collecting. The other was in the observation car at the rear of the train, two seats from the end, staring at an open letter with eyes widened in despair, horror and reproach.

This train made few stops. Just the first station, in obedience to a signal from the bell cord, it slowed down sufficiently for the conductor and brakeman to thrust the mail from the second step of the Pullman; then it shot ahead at full speed to make up the few seconds lost. The tramp remained standing where he had dropped, his face now keen and alert, and his right arm lowered. As it swept by the rear platform of the observation car the wind tore at his rough, unkempt hair and beard. Three cars passed; then came the observation car. Sud-

THE TRAMP'S RIGHT ARM CLOSED LIKE A STEEL BAND AROUND THE OTHER.

denly his hand closed like a vise upon the rear railing, his body swung out and writhed for a few moments in midair, then his feet caught, and he drew himself in by sheer force of muscle and nerve to the same crouching position he had occupied on the Pullman forward.

Inside the car the other man was now tearing the letter into the most minute fragments, as if striving to annihilate its contents. When the pieces were too small for further reduction they swept through the open window and were scattered thinly over a half a mile of the roadbed. The man rose and glanced about the car. It was almost empty, and the other passengers were buried in papers or books. He turned back quickly, opened the door, and with a light spring threw himself from the train, but not to the ground. Just as he sprang the tramp flung himself out suddenly, with nothing but his left hand grasping the rail. As the two bodies came together the tramp's right arm closed like a steel band around the other, while the weight of it bore them down, down, until their legs almost swept the mocking rails of the roadbed.

Not many men—not one in a thousand—could have sustained such a weight in such a position, swinging from side to side under the motion of a train going at fifty miles an hour, but gradually, little by little, the left arm contracted and drew them up, up and in until finally, with a last desperate effort, they were both crouching upon the rear platform, white, gasping, too exhausted to stand or speak.

The well dressed man recovered first. The horror was still in his eyes, but with it was something more. Perhaps that instant in midair, with death in front, had made him see more clearly; perhaps his miraculous rescue had made possible the greater rescue from himself. As he rose staggeringly the tramp's arm went out in feeble protest, but a hand fell upon the arm gently.

"No need of that now, my friend," the still white lips whispered. "I am awake and in my right mind. I shall never attempt anything like that again."

The train began to slacken, and at that moment the door opened and the conductor came out. They were passing over a short piece of road where repairs were being made, and slow speed was necessary. The conductor nodded to his passenger, but seemed surprised at his dishevelled appearance. Then his gaze fell upon the tramp, and his face darkened.

"You here," he exclaimed, "after being put off once too? And, from the looks of this young man, you have been up to more than stealing a ride this time. If—"

There was a sudden jerk, which intimated that the train was about to increase its speed. The conductor caught the tramp by the shoulder and with a quick twist sent him from the train. The passenger uttered an angry cry of remonstrance and tried to stay the act, but too late. As the train gathered headway they saw the tramp go plunging and staggering down a steep embankment, at the bottom of which he righted himself and waved his hand cheerfully at the receding train.

Five minutes later the young man was back in the car, two seats from the end, still dazed and white. Suddenly the door at the forward end opened, and a girl entered, holding a paper in her hand. She came straight to him.

"Robert, what does this awful thing about you mean?" she exclaimed. "I suppose you have seen the paper."

He was holding to the back of the seat for support, his face drawn and haggard.

"No, you needn't show it to me, Helen," he answered. "I have not seen the paper, but I know what it contains. It is true. I only discovered it myself a short time ago. I was given my mail as we left the hotel and slipped it into my pocket. I did not read it until I left you and your mother and came back in the observation car just now. It was all in a letter from my partner."

The girl looked at him, her lips trembling, but she smiled. "I know it is not true, Robert," she declared positively, "not a word of it. I have known you ever since we went to school together, and you are utterly incapable of a thing like that. You have not read the paper, so you do not understand. Why, Robert"—her voice quivered with indignation—"the paper says you stole half a million dollars, and from poor people, mostly people whose means of support it was. It's absurd. You have been with us the last three months, and this has all happened within that time."

"But don't you see it's just the same, Helen," he said gently. "The money was intrusted to me, and I am the sole one responsible. If I neglected the trust and allowed my partner an opportunity to do the evil I am really the one to blame."

"I say you are not," she interrupted emphatically. "Maybe it was unbusinesslike and maybe you are legally responsible—I do not know about that. But I do know you are no more guilty than I am in the way the paper puts it. Of course you will let every cent of your property go toward paying those poor people, and if it isn't enough we will pay the rest off just as fast as we can earn it."

"Helen, Helen!" he remonstrated sharply. "You must not talk like that. You do not understand. We cannot be married now. Why, dear, I may be arrested."

"All the more need you will have for my help, then," she replied quickly. "If I am to be a helpmeet there will never be more occasion for it than now. We will be married just as soon as we reach Washington, just as we planned, and then we will work together to live this thing down. Why, Robert!"

For the young man's head had suddenly dropped to the back of the seat, and his shoulders were heaving convulsively. She sank to the seat beside him, slipping one of her hands into his, stroking it softly until he should regain control of himself.

And miles behind them on the track sat a tramp waiting for the next freight.

### Wanted Judge to Be Overruled.

Up in Maine there is an old custom of opening the courts with prayer, which custom in one instance, described with considerable gusto by ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, led to a petition with which the judge couldn't exactly sympathize. The minister who was to officiate at this court was one of the good old fashioned, simple living, long praying kind who flourish in country churches. He prayed for the welfare of the nation and its executive and his cabinet; he prayed for the state officials and for mankind in general. Then, "O Lord, give to this presiding judge the wisdom he so much needs," besought the dominie with fervor. "Overrule his decisions to thine eternal honor and glory." The presiding judge, appreciating the spirit of the petition, while hardly relishing his diction, had to live down the repining job with his associates, tried to coöperate in accordance with the characterization of the prayer.—New York Tribune.

### Hindoos and Cows.

The Hindoos, or natives of India, worship idols of wood and stone. They also worship animals and plants. The cow is considered the most sacred animal; still they worship the ox and the bull, the fish, tortoise and bear; also serpents, monkeys, demons and spirits. They believe that when a person dies the soul passes into some animal or plant and lives another life, continuing to do so until it has lived millions of lives. They think that perhaps some one of their ancestors may be living in the cow or some other animal. For that reason they are very kind to animals and dare not allow them to be killed. When the cows become old, or for that reason become helpless, they are sent to the "asylum for animals" in Punjnkole, India, where they are well kept for the rest of their lives. A good Brahman or Hindoo priest will feed his cow before he takes his own breakfast.

### In the Natural Way.

During a session of the supreme court of Maine at Augusta a tedious and complicated real estate case had pretty nearly worn out the patience of the counsel on both sides. One of the lawyers engaged was Fred A. Appleton, whose fame as a wit was widespread.

Opposing him was a lawyer of pompous mien and much avoirdupois, who kept making blunder after blunder until even the judge became irritated. After making a particularly aggravating error he said:

"I beg your honor's pardon; that was another mistake. I seem to be inoculated with dullness today."

"Inoculated, brother?" said Mr. Appleton. "I thought you had it in the natural way."

### Kept Awake.

"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" inquired a lady of her niece.

"Well, of course," replied the niece diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

### Babu Matrimonial Advertisement.

Wanted.—A match for an independent, beautiful young widower of thirty-six years, of respectable and very rich family. Possesses handsome amount of thousands and numerous golden ornaments of his previous wife.—Lahore Tribune.

## FLORIDA'S EXTENT.

### The Everglade State Is Larger Than Most Folks Imagine.

But few people have any conception of Florida's extent. Jacksonville is about as far north of Miami as she is south of Charlotte, N. C.; about as far north of Key West as she is south of Evansville, Ind. Ignorance of the extent of Florida leads to many amusing mistakes. We sometimes hear the railroads of the state charged with making poor time. Why, it takes over twenty-four hours to go from Pensacola to Miami. The man who makes this remark would think he was traveling on a par if he made the trip from Pensacola to Chicago in the same length of time it would take him to go to Miami. But there is very little difference in the distance. A land trip from one end of Florida to the other is as long as from the coast to the gulf. A citizen of Maine, who makes up his mind to come south may get on the cars and pass through Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia and far into Virginia. When he has done this he has taken no longer ride than he could have taken by the equally direct line from one Florida town to another, and there are some even green enough to think they are making poor time when they find it takes them longer to go from Pensacola to Miami than from the eastern to the western side of Maine. Of course the old stagers do not make those amusing mistakes. They have a pretty good conception of the geography of Florida. There are many newcomers, however, who come on their first visit with very hazy ideas of the state.—Florida Times-Union.

## CHATEAUBRIAND IN LONDON

### A Picture of the English Capital of a Century Ago.

"All the English are mad by nature or by fashion," Chateaubriand writes mockingly in the book of his embassy in London (1822), but he had a very gay time with the same lunatics. We hear of dinners. Almack's and Ie beau monde. "The day was thus distributed in London: At 6 o'clock in the morning one hastened to a party of pleasure, consisting of a breakfast in the country; one returned to lunch in London; one changed one's dress to walk in Bond street or Hyde park; one dressed again to dine at 7:30; one dressed again for the opera; at midnight one dressed once more for an evening party or rout. What a life of enchantments! I should a hundred times have preferred the galleys." One smiles and reads on. He found London full of recollections of Bonaparte. "The people had passed from the vilification of 'Nick' to a stupid enthusiasm. His colossal bust by Canova decorated the Duke of Wellington's staircase."

At an evening party at Lord Londonderry's, the English premier, "I was presented by his majesty to a severe looking lady seventy-three years old. She was dressed in grape, wore a black veil like a diadem on her white hair and resembled a queen who had abdicated her throne. She greeted me in a solemn voice with three mangled sentences from 'Genie du Christianisme;' then she said to me, with no less solemnity, 'I am Mrs. Siddons.' If she had said to me, 'I am Lady Macbeth,' I should have believed her."—John J. a'Becket in Catholic Quarterly Review.

### Charity of Former Kings.

Henry II. sought peace for his soul after the murder of Becket by feeding and sustaining 10,000 people daily, a proceeding that must have made many a man rejoice in the fall of the "proud prelate." Quaintest of all, though, was the charity of Henry III., who commanded that "in the great hall at Winsore, at a good fire, all the poor and needy children that could be found were to be fed, according to the weight and measure of the king's children," a queer variant of the more modern system of distributing the Maundy money. It is to be feared that nowadays, says the London Chronicle, the amount of food equivalent to "the weight and measure of the king's children" would not go far in relieving "all the poor and needy children that could be found."

### Time and Books.

The economy of saving time is wise, but there is an economy of spending time. In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "underexposed plate;" but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an underexposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or to yourself, or skim over your reading, the mind receives poor impressions or none at all.—St. Nicholas.

### The Descending Scale.

When a girl is first engaged she figures on a ten room house in the swell part of town. As time goes on the house gradually decreases in size until it is a four room structure. Then all the fancy trimmings are left off, and next the house is located in a remote part of town. Finally when the wedding comes off it is announced that the couple will reside with the bride's father.—Atchison Globe.

### Bills and Boards.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill the board bill no longer bored Bill.—Yale Expositor.

The eyeball is white because the blood vessels that feed its substance are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

### Ancestors.

"My ancestors," said the man whose name hit; ought to be Endicott, "came over in the Mayflower."

"And mine," observed the man whose name was Adams, "were the original occupants of the garden of Eden."—Chicago Tribune.

## Apple Blossoms And November

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Copyrighted, 1904, by Virginia Leila Wentz

"I am not hard hearted, you know, but I must pay my bills when they fall due." The short corduroy compressed her lips, as though she had said a thing which it hurt her to utter.

"I understand, indeed," the girl replied passively, pushing back her heavy, glistening hair with a little gesture of weariness.

"Of course, tomorrow being Thanksgiving day, you needn't disturb yourself, but make yourself comfortable till Friday." She looked at the blank door, which closed quickly behind the girl; then her eyes returned to the columns of her account books. They were opened at a page headed "Miss Rose Parker," a page where the debits considerably overbalanced the credits.

"I've too good a heart to be a successful business woman," murmured the landlady, closing the book.

Twilight was fast coming on. Outside in the fourth floor back there was a fire in the grate before which a handsome young fellow and several dames were vainly endeavoring to destroy an asbestos log. Rose Darcey slipped down on the floor and, with her arms folded about her knees, watched the fire, thinking how typical it was of the life she had been leading for the past year. Why, everything even her hearth fire—was artificial.

She fell to dreaming. It was all long she had time to dream, for she was always busy trying to make both ends meet. But now since they simply would not meet she might as well dream for a tiny space. How tired she was of it all—of the struggles, the petty quibblings, the give and take friendships, the endless cold shoulders, the eternal worry.

And Christmas would be Thanksgiving day. How well she remembered that day in other years! In her aunt's humble little farmhouse there had ever been the entrancing odor of pumpkin and mince pies, of stewed cranberries, of browning turkey, of plum pudding, of good things innumerable. Not this year, though, for she had robbed them of all that. Oh, it was hard, hard, hard!

"JOHN, IT'S JUST LIKE IT WAS IN THE DREAM."

A rap at the door, and Patty Lou, the colored girl, entered.

"A gem'man in the parlor to see you, missy; wouldn't send his name, allowin' he wanted to s'prise you, I reckon."

Down in the narrow, gaudy room a man with a gray mustache and a shaggy coat sat on the sofa alone. As he looked unseeingly about him the stern lines in his mouth relaxed. In their stead came an expression of extreme gentleness.

All his years of waiting harked back to him. He seemed to see as in a glass a tiny girl in a gingham apron standing under an apple tree, and then she seemed to grow and grow, but always she had sunshine in her hair and a smile in her eyes. He had waited for her to attain to womanhood, dreaming dreams the villagers had never guessed. And then, because she had talent for art, forsooth, and her aunts had said it must be cultivated, even though it meant a third mortgage on their little farm, she had passed out of his life.

Lately, however, John Lowell had caught a rumor that things were not going well with her in the mad, competitive life of New York, and so he was here.

How thin and white she had grown! As she pushed aside the cheap Bagdad portieres she seemed to be all gleaming hair and great, pathetic eyes. If he could only hold her proud little face between both palms and kiss her dear, tired eyes!

Instead (he knew her temperament so well) he talked about the home village, about the queer, jerky little streets and the dull village gossip.

"Is the apple crop good this year?" she asked suddenly. "Have you ground a lot of cider?"

For answer he dived into one of the pockets of his shaggy gray coat and fetched up a shining red apple.

"Thanks. It's a beauty!" exclaimed she, feeling of its smoothness.

"Came off your tree, Rose."

"My tree?"

"Yes; the immense one in the corner. Don't you remember? I've called it your tree ever since one day when you were very little and you wanted some blossoms."

"I suppose you got them for me if I wanted them?" said the girl softly. How good he had always been to her! He was just like that shaggy coat of his—big and rough and wholesome and worth while.

Last night he had dreamed that her head lay on that same shaggy coat, that his strong arms were about her, while she was relating to him all the disagreeable things that had happened to embitter, and as it had seemed to her, ruin her life. And then she had lifted her head to tell him of other things, and he had bent down to her and—

Then she had awakened from the dream, and—

"You see, the flowers were not your people," he went on, "and I happened to be wanting some, so you see if I'd get you the flowers you'd have to—"

"What?"

"Sweetheart." The word was reverently uttered. The tenderness made her tremble somehow, but she laughed gayly.

"Your sweetheart? Rash promise, wasn't it?"

"And when I lifted you up," he continued, "you put your arms about my neck."

"How shocking!" impudent!"

"Ah! I'm glad it is so," he pursued serenely. "I've never thought of anybody else for a wife, Rose."

"I wonder if you mean that?" she asked wistfully.

"I've been here—on time."

"Then I have been only nine years old."

"I wonder if it would be right to hold a girl to a promise she made when she was only nine?"

Even beneath her dark lashes she caught the wrinkles of care on his face as he leaned toward her, and she quivered with a sense of sudden protection.

"I wonder?" Her voice trilled off vaguely as she settled a dimpled cheek against his shaggy coat and he caught her to him gladly, with a new air of protection.

A few moments later from the great, shaggy coat arose a manfully muffled but happy cry:

"Oh, I'm the first little boy in the dream—tell me that's so! Tell me that I'm the first!"

To Miss Lowell the words in themselves were real, but what did a man like him care for words when he held in his arms the thing he prized most in the world?

### Ohio In Japan.

"Cincinnati is in Ohio, and Ohio is also a Japanese word meaning 'good morning,'" said a native of Tokyo. "When you go out on the street in a Japanese village the people you meet will all say to you 'Ohio.' They do not wait for an introduction. It is considered courteous to greet strangers thus.

"An American whose home was in Kentucky, but who did business in Cincinnati, was traveling in Japan and was considerably perplexed that every one who met him on the street should accost him with the word 'Ohio.' He was of an old Kentucky family and, like most Kentuckians, was proud of the state of his nativity. The second day in Japan, when he was met with the same greeting, he turned to his interpreter and said:

"'What in the name of all that is mysterious makes these Japanese think that I came from Ohio? Even if I did come from that state I would not want to have it thrown up to me continually.'

"Before the guide had a chance to reply a young man passed and again saluted the American with an 'Ohio.'

"The Kentuckian turned on the Japanese young man and said:

"'See here, sir, you have made a slight mistake. I am not from Ohio. I live across the river. I am a Kentuckian, and my home is in Covington.'"—Louisville Herald.

### Ostrich Battles.

Male ostriches battle for supremacy and admiration of the females with as much ferocity as stags, bulls, buffaloes and other animals. An ostrich battle is amusing, as it amounts practically to a boxing match with the feet, in which the males dance around each other lightly. There is this difference, however: If any boxer could hit as hard as an ostrich with one of his feet he might settle the championship with a single blow. It must not be supposed that the ostrich will not strike his antagonist with his terrible beak. In sparring the ostrich stands on one foot, with the other foot and wings raised, bill wide open and neck distended. He strikes with the force of a trip hammer, and in fighting both birds warily dodge blows. Under modern training an ostrich equals a horse in power and can do many of the stunts of the horse. By aid of his wings an ostrich can leave behind the swiftest running thoroughbred and under harness has paced in about a horse's record time.

### What the Pie Was Made Of.

A cooking expert gave a dinner recently to a cooking class of young married women.

"I am making," she said, "a collection of cooking stories. Only yesterday a new one was told me by a dispirited young wife.

"This young wife, who had never cooked so much as a beefsteak in her life, all of a sudden bought a cookbook, entered her kitchen and plunged into the construction of an elaborate and difficult veal pie.

"The pie, a strange looking object, was served to the husband, a caustic person, that night at dinner. He helped himself, tried a mouthful and then said:

"'What's this?'

"'A meat pie,' said the wife. 'I made it out of the cookbook.'

"'Ah,' said the man, 'this leathery part is the binding, I suppose.'"


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"Gentlemen:—I should like to tell you, in a few words, of the good Cal-cura Solvent, the latest medicine prepared by Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has accomplished in my case, one of kidney trouble.
"Before I took Cal-cura Solvent my urine was of a brick dust color, and there was always a sediment of a reddish tinge. I procured a bottle and gave it a thorough trial. I noticed that the sediment gradually disappeared and the urine became clear. I have since taken many of the Cal-cura Solvent for a long time, and no sediment has appeared."—Mr. H. W. Eldridge, Cherry Valley, N. Y. All druggists, $1.00.

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**The Happy Home.**

Happiness must be founded on health. Where there is ill-health there will surely be unhappiness. The happiness of many a home has received its downfall at the table, spread with rich and dainty foods. The first symptoms of disease of the stomach are ignored as being disagreeable but not dangerous. Presently dyspepsia or some other form of disease fastens on the stomach.

At any stage Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. But the cure is quicker if the "Discovery" is used in the earlier stages of disease. If you have any symptoms of diseased stomach use "Golden Medical Discovery" and be cured.

"I feel that I would be doing an injustice to you, if I did not send you a statement of my case," writes Mrs. David W. Guice of Hamburg, Franklin Co., Miss. "I had liver complaint and indigestion. Everything that I ate disagreed with me. I suffered all the time with swimming in my head, heart beat too fast, my feet and hands were cold all the time. Did not sleep well at all. Was able to get about but very little. Commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' in May, 1897, and by December I could begin to get about very well. Have been doing my work ever since. Feel better than I have for several years."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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THE BIG STORE. J. C. HAMLIN



*McKean County Miner*

Smethport, Thursday, April 6, 1905.


LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Carpenters are busy.

—J. Odesser has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Coudersport is to have a new foundry and machine shop.

—Bolivar will build a $25,000 high school building this summer.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett has an interesting advertisement for ladies this week.

—A baby weighing 20 ounces was recently born to Mrs. Kate Long in the Hornellsville hospital. The midget lived four days.

—New spring and summer shoes are advertised by Anderson & Carlson this week. They have an excellent line of the correct styles.

—The strike of the coal miners at Morris Run, Tioga county, has been on over a year, and has cost the miners over $100,000 in wages.

—Owing to the failure of natural gas and the high price of coal the American Window Glass company are removing all their factories from Indiana to Pennsylvania.

—"He Went a Little Farther" is the text for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "Passing Through the Dark Valley" is the evening topic, in continuation of the series of illustrated sermons on Pilgrim's Progress.

—Punxsutawney people are importing colored girls from Kentucky for domestic service. The Spirit is authority for the statement that half a dozen were brought in last week and as many more are booked to arrive next week to further the experiment.

—One of the Coudersport papers says: The new school director established a new record for economy at the last meeting of the board when he kicked on a bill for "ribbons for typewriters." "She's a nice girl," said he, "but the borough is under no obligations to buy her clothes, I don't think."

—Rev. Noyes B. Congdon, a retired Methodist minister, while laboring under the delusion that he no longer was of use in life, hanged himself from a peg in his wardrobe in the State hospital at Buffalo. He formerly was a pastor in Central New York localities. Illness caused a breaking down of his mental faculties two years ago.

—An exchange says: Midnight marriages are becoming popular in some localities. That mystic, nocturnal hour enables the bride and groom to take an outgoing train without being made objects of public ridicule by foolish and supposedly humorous friends.

—Tommy Gilmore was lodged in the lockup Saturday night for being drunk and disorderly. Gilmore is a cripple, having lost a leg, and when he gets drunk is very abusive, knowing that his condition is a safe guard which will protect him from getting the summary thrashing he richly deserves.

—While playing burglar 10 year-old Walter Weber of Ulysses lighted some powder to "blow open the safe," but he was not quick enough to get out of the way and he received a part of the effects of the explosion in his face. His left eye was badly burned and his face and neck were injured. It is thought no permanent injury will result to the eye. —Austin Republican.

—It has been discovered that the appendix which causes so much trouble to humanity really is useful. In the Barracks Hospital at Washington in the cases of patients suffering from Philippine fever the appendix has been utilized as an artificial entrance into the abdomen, thus permitting the injection of strong medicine through a hitherto unused channel. The method has proved successful and marks an advance in medical science.

—The fact that a man can buy one thousand printed envelopes for a dollar and a half, no longer appeals to the wise business man. He has awakened to the fact that a letter is a representative of himself and a shabby, cheap envelope and poor printed paper creates an impression on the one receiving it which he wishes to avoid. Some of the most careful business men of this country are now using high priced bonds for their correspondence paper, and it is only the uninitiated who grab at the cheap bait. —Ex.

—Young women to the number of 121 drew fine farming locations in the Rosebud lands recently opened for settlement in the west. The fact was announced in the press dispatches and now those young women are receiving hundreds of offers from would-be farmers who are willing to marry the lucky girls and engage in tilling the soil which the young ladies have secured. It is another case of "for the land's sake," and shows how closely business is allied to matrimony in this practical age.—Bradford Era.

**A Bride's Misapprehension.**

It was the first Sunday in their pretty new flat, and Mrs. G. determined to celebrate the joyous day with a dinner which would make her young husband think he had married not only "the sweetest girl in the world," but "the best cook." It was perfectly lovely to set the little round dining room table with the nicest presents, and the preparation of a tempting salad and dessert was not exactly a trying ordeal, but the roasting of the chicken made her a little nervous. After succeeding, with the assistance of a large oilcloth book, in getting the fowl into the oven she sang from sheer relief. A little later, when the music had ceased and the silence in the kitchen became suspicious, Mr. G. opened the door. Kneeling down before the oven, with flushed face and tearful eyes, was Mrs. G. On the floor beside her was the cookbook, and in one hand was a long needle with white thread. "Oh, dearie," she cried, "it is going to burn my hands just dreadfully to baste this chicken every fifteen minutes!"—What to Eat.

**Hindoo Nose Keys.**

"It is considered a mark of high and extremely fashionable birth in India never to a woman's nose a ring, but so many ask me, 'What is that flower they wear in their mouth?' that I must tell what I should call it," says Edmund Russell. "It is the badge of wealth, even more sacred than our wedding ring, set always with the costliest and most beautiful jewels a woman possesses and the last she will part with. A baby with two pearls is the favorite, as symbolizing a heart between two guardians of purity. This is somewhat going out of fashion under English influence. The Somali ladies and Zanzibarian sisters do not wear them, but every orthodox Hindoo woman has her 'nak ehabi' or 'nose key,' as it is also called, usually two, one of precious jewels and costly pearls, the other a little plain gold safety pin, which is slipped in that as the guard circle is being drawn out for the most part it will fall free."—Court Circular.

**Cold Blooded Ants.**

"Ants is the coldest blood of animal there is," said a well known doctor. "Man's fever is most high, the doctor will tell you, is next highest for a cow, then his fellows. Your normal temperature is 98½ degrees F. That's only when you have had experience that you find out anything as any of the lower animals—that is to say, when you are in a high fever, with a temperature of 102 you are at the normal heat of the cat, the dog, the ox, the rat, and so on. In the coolest of sons the porpoise is never cooler than 100 degrees. The bat, the rabbit, the guinea pig, the hare and the elephant likewise are all cool at 100 degrees. The hen has the highest temperature of all the lower creatures, and it is a good deal warmer, too, when a chicken. Its temperature then is as high as 111, but age and experience cool its blood by 3 degrees."—New York Globe.

**The Old Japanese Mail.**

In the days before the ports of Japan were opened to foreigners, before telegraphs, railroads and electricity had found their way into the island empire, the government mails were carried by post runners, who wore the queerest livery of a loin cloth and blue and white rags around their heads. They were for the most part an elaborate suit of linen, with a red star on each shoulder, the mark of their calling. The letters were incased in a waterproof package and secured to the end of a bamboo pole. With this over his shoulder and a pair of fragile sandals on his feet the runner started on the long journey, making from 75 to 100 miles per day. The distance they covered seems incredible, but the men were trained to speed and had remarkable endurance.

**Bill of the Poison Plant.**

Close to the frontier of Nepal is the mountain of Sandook-Phu, which means in the Tibetan language "the hill of the poison plant" or aconite. This plant is so abundant and so deadly in its effects that all sheep and cattle passing over the mountain are muzzled by their drivers. An English traveler saw at its foot great heaps of discarded bamboo muzzles. Curiously enough, only those cattle that are newly imported from the plains are fatally affected. The natives believe that the sheep of the district learn to shun the youngest leaves, which are the most virulent. A more likely explanation is that they grow habituated to the drug by taking it in small quantities.

**Royal Night Bodyguards.**

For more than 400 years a body of men known as the Monteros de Espinosa have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of watching over the slumbers of the kings and queens of Spain. They are bound by tradition to be natives of Espinosa and to have served with distinction in the army. One of these is on guard at the door of the bedroom of each royal personage in the palace, and the others, armed with huge halberds and wearing felt soled shoes, tread silently all through the night along the corridors and halls. Their service begins at midnight and ceases at 7 in the morning.

**Crass Ignorance.**

An east side kindergartner was about to give her class a lesson, with "The Kitten" as the subject. She began by saying: "Our lesson this morning will be all about the kitten. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me which grows on the kitten, fur or feathers?"

A dead silence followed for a minute, when one little boy said in a loud voice: "G-o-o-d gracious! Hain't you never seen a kitten?"—Life.

**An Exception.**

A New York banker tells the story of two Irishmen who discussed the "nationality of the American states." Said Pat, "Faith an' be jaubers if this grate country ain't overrun wid th' Irish, an' yit out of all th' states in th' Union not wan has an Irish name." "Sure an' yer wrong," replied Mike. "What's the matter wid O'Regon?"

**The King of Mollusks.**

The king of mollusks lives in the Indian and south Pacific oceans. He attains to a weight of 500 pounds, and the shell is of the bivalve kind, and the shape is about the same as that of our common fresh water mussel. The gigantic tridacna is the largest mollusk known to have lived on the earth since the silurian age. It is found on the bottom of the shallow parts of the ocean, and the large individuals have no longer the power to move about. They lie on one side, and all about them the corals build up until King Tridacna is sometimes found in a well-like hole in the coral formation.—St. Nicholas.

**All the News.**

A wise editor says: "A man told us the other day that we did not publish all the things that happened. We should say not. In the first place, there is somebody else depending on us for a living. If we printed all that happens we would soon be with the angels. In order to please the people we must print only the nice things said of them and leave the rest to gossip. Yet it's a fact we don't publish all the news. If we did wouldn't it make spicy reading? But it would be for one week only, the next week you would read our obituary. All the world is right when it's about the size below."

**Japanese "Silent" Music.**

A curious ceremony is performed in Japan by the court musicians at certain Shinto festivals. Both stringed and wind instruments are used, but it is held that no sound should be allowed to fall upon unworthy ears, and, as some of the ears present might be unworthy, all the motions of playing are gone through by the musicians, but not a single sound is heard. This strange custom dates back many generations, but since the advent of civilization has rapidly lost favor.

**The Ruby.**

Rubies are most suited for young lovers. They are also most expensive. The people of the Burmese empire believe that a ruby is a human soul just about to enter the sacred precincts of Buddhism and consequently in the last stages of transmigration. A ruby is an emblem of the most passionate and absorbing love. A ruby in the old days of chivalry was supposed to lend a knight to conquer all obstacles to win a fair lady and to inspire one with bravery and zeal. It also kept his honor unstained and his character without a blemish.

**A Sanctuary.**

"You will have to accompany me!" said the new and zealous officer of the law, laying a firm hand on the arm of the seedy young man who was making night hideous with a cornet.

"Certainly," said the musician, affectedly gently hiding his arm in the policeman's. "What do you wish to sing and in what key?"

**The Backbone.**

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone a Norborne schoolgirl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from laying legs clear up to the neck."—Norborne Leader.

Keep Watch

on the little things. They grow into big ones very rapidly. It's the small but neglected leak in your plumbing that makes trouble.

Plumbing

is like an egg. It is either perfect or very bad. There's no between kind. Suppose you have us go over your house or office. We will fix any little thing needed. It will save you lots of money, bye and bye.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

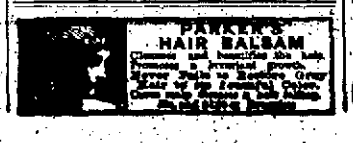
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - - Penn

March 5, 1903.




It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Spring Millinery Opening

Wednesday and Thursday, April 5 and 6.

Dame Fashion in her search for novelties delves deep in the realm of oddities—now it's the horse hair hat that's the acme of millinery excellence.

Many of the hats are made very high in the back and filled in with flowers. Flowers will be used in great abundance this season.

We are showing an excellent line of Spring Jackets for ladies and children. Rain Coats, Tailor-made Suits, Silk Shirt Waist Suits, Silk and Brilliantine Skirts and all the popular cloths in wool skirts.

Also a beautiful line of new neckwear and an abundance of other goods too numerous to mention.

You are cordially invited to inspect our line.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

OLD MILL SOAP

To introduce, 8 bars for . . 25c

Oak Leaf, Fels Naptha and Coal Oil Johnny's Petroleum Soap.
Grandpa's Wonder and Glycerine Tar Soap.
Ivory, Fairy, Good and Mystic White Soap.
Bon Ami, Sapolio, plain and perfumed, and Wrigley's Mineral Scouring Soap.
Gold Dust, Pearline, Babbitt's "1776" and Swift's Washing Powder.
Sal Soda, Arm & Hammer Washing Soda and Chloride of Lime.
Brooms, Brushes and Mop Sticks.

**House Cleaning Time is Here. We Want Your Orders.**

A. E. FOSTER & CO

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN [illegible]

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES,

COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column, per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 6, 1905.


## Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905.

## Republican Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
O. W. FREEMAN.

THE Simplon tunnel between Switzerland and Italy, the largest in the world, was formally opened on Sunday last.

SIXTY miners were entombed on Monday in Joseph Leiter's mine at Zeigler, Ill., by an explosion of gas, and it is probable that 30 or more of the buried are dead. The explosion, it is said, was due to the fact that the mine is not worked on Sunday, thus allowing gas to accumulate in the lower workings.

So far the Democrats do not seem very anxious to line up against the excellent Republican ticket recently nominated. The only offices aspired to by the Democrats up to the present time is that of county commissioner, and that is because the Democrats only have to beat the Prohibitionists to land one of their candidates.

AGAIN John L. Sullivan aspires to championship honors and wants to fight Jim Jeffries this summer. John L always was a prime favorite in latic sporting circles and every one of his friends know that he is past the age of putting up a good fight. But wouldn't it be a good thing to let him win the championship and then allow prizefighting to die with him. He is no more a back number than the sport itself.

THERE is no danger of race suicide, national suicide or any other great evil among a class of people who are industrious, prosperous and contented, people who must work because they are not able to live without it and who are not yet driven by want, not enervated by poverty, on the one hand nor by luxury on the other. Such is the American farmer. That he may remain such he must be vigilant. He needs to have a clear understanding of the agencies for good and evil that are at work in the land. With one hand he must help the good and with the other restrain the evil. He cannot afford to be passive and remain unhurt. If he hopes to hear the "Well Done" of the good Christian, and to be regarded as a worthy descendant of the men who founded the Republic he must see to it that he gets for his own use the full measure of the wealth he produces. Anything less means that his class must step to a lower plain of living. This continued long enough leads to serfdom. The farmers in the Grange are jealously guarding the interests of the farm. How is it with those outside?

### Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., April 1, 1905

When the extra session of Congress is called in October the President will present for its consideration the two questions which were passed at the last session without legislation, that is, railroad rate legislation and the revision of the Dingley tariffs in certain schedules. The action of the two bodies comprising Congress on these matters is now difficult to prophesy. The lower house the members of which are dependent on their constituents for their place necessarily reflects the views of the people, and it is well known that the great general public is with the President in his desire to regulate railway rates. On the other hand the Senate represents to a considerable extent the great corporate interests of the country, and as a body it will be no more inclined to pass the railroad rate bill at the coming session than it was at the last. The new House of Representatives will in all likelihood pass a rate bill as easily as the last one but it will be in the Senate that a blockade can almost surely be predicted. There are Senators from the greatest states in the Union who represented in the Senate not the people of their states but private corporate interests and it is these corporation Senators who will be responsible for the defeat of the bill. One thing alone can prevent the miscarriage of these reforms and that is for the corporation Senators to be made to understand in no uncertain way that they are in the Senate to represent the people and to fulfill their wishes. During the summer months the people will have an opportunity, through the press and other sources to inform their Senators what they desire in the matter and to find out as well, where their Senators stand on these important matters. Men who are representing great trusts in the Senate whether they be the Express Company trusts, railroad trusts, coal trusts or any other monopoly, should be catechised by the people and be made to declare themselves. If railway rate legislation is to be effected in this or any other Congress it can only be by the people forcing the Senators to represent the states aright and not according to the dictates of the companies for whom they act as agents in the Senate.

It is announced by those high in authority that Herbert W. Bowen, the American Minister at Caracas, Venezuela and who is said to have been responsible for some of the recent trouble with that country, will be removed. President Cipriano Castro, the Venezuelan president, and Mr. Bowen have been enemies for some time and the ill feeling between them, it is alleged, has prevented an understanding between this Government and that of Venezuela. The Special Diplomatic Envoy of Venezuela has reached Washington and it is thought likely that he has intimated that the removal of Minister Bowen would be very acceptable to President Castro. The Government's reply to our demand for arbitration on the Asphalt question has not yet reached this city but it has been characterized by Mr. Bowen as impertinent and insulting and if this is found to be the case a change in our diplomatic representative there would be regarded as a confession to Castro that the government would be disinclined to make. On the other hand, if Mr. Bowen should not be removed it is probable that President Castro will formally notify the Government here that Mr. Bowen is persona non grata and his recall would be imperative. Mr. Irving B. Dudley of California now Minister to Peru is mentioned as Mr. Bowen's probable successor.

The suggestion that President Roosevelt will be compelled by the people to withdraw his statement that he would not be a candidate for the next election and that he will not be elected for a third term, grows as the days pass. Some of the most influential newspapers have already taken up the argument and many public men are firmly convinced that the voters of the country are not going to allow Theodore Roosevelt to retire from the White House at the end of his term. His friends are saying that of the two obligations to stand by the statement he made just after election or to accede to the wishes of the people and accept a nomination that came unsought and was the expression of the strongest desire of the voters his duty would certainly lie on the side of the latter. Should this be the situation which confronts the President at the next convention and unless there shall be great changes in the sentiment of the people it will be,—there is a general conviction that he could not conscientiously regard his statement as binding and that he might be persuaded to regard it as his duty to accept the imperious call.

The President's decision in the San Domingan situation by which this government will administer the finances of that country pending the ratification of the treaty by the Senate next fall is regarded with great satisfaction by practically every one except those Senators who either represent some opposed private interest or whose policy is simply one of opposition. Circumstances have made it clear that we are the one power to which San Domingo was entitled to look for assistance and that in the world wide interest of peace and good order it was our duty to assume the responsibility of administering her debts and providing for the payment of her creditors in a reasonable time. Moreover in our own interest it was advisable that we should do anything possible to prevent the seizure of the Island by a foreign power with the accompanying likelihood that we should in time be compelled to dis-establish the European naval base in West Indian waters that would be the gradual development. In the interest of the Republic itself and the small governments of the South American states the example is good and is likely to lead to a better and wiser administration by those governments of their finances. Viewed from every reasonable standpoint it is apparent that the President is justified by his orders concerning San Domingo and it is probable by fall that the approval of the plan will so far have overcome the first resentment of certain Senators that the treaty will have support even on the Democratic side. The Caribbean sea must finally be regarded as an American lake just as the Gulf of Mexico and the government must be made to feel that it has rights and responsibilities in that sphere just as it has about the Gulf of Mexico. Without regard to the Monroe Doctrine we have on various critical occasions interfered in the affairs of our near by Latin-American neighbors and we must do it more and more as their needs and our powers increase.

### Farm for Sale.

58½ acres of good fertile soil, 30 acres under cultivation, balance good pasture land; 8 room dwelling house, good cellar; 2 barns. Located ½ mile from railroad station. For sale at a bargain. Inquire of Philip Hafner, Kasson, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

# Quaker Oats

Are the standard Oats the world over. I buy these oats direct from the mill, shipped in car with F. S. flour. Just received fresh supply and sell them at 10c for 2-lb. pkg. Banner Oats were included in this shipment, together with Apitezo and Brittle Bitts. They are fine. Try any or all of them and remember they are direct from the mills of the American Cereal Co. and just received. Let me sell you the next sack of flour you buy and you will agree with me that it is the best flour you ever used.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

# Spring Offerings in Shoes

Our stock of Spring Footwear for ladies, men and children is complete and an inspection of our line will convince that we can satisfy. We keep on hand a large stock of the best makes to select from and we guarantee to please. Everything new and up-to-date in

OXFORDS.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

# L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county. —Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

ALTHOUGH OUR SPRING LINE IS COMPLETE MR. RUBIN IS IN NEW YORK CITY LOOKING AFTER THE EASTER NOVELTIES.

WE HAVE THE LATEST IN

SUITS $5 to $20.
TOP COATS $6 to $16.
RAIN COATS $12 to $18.
SUITS TO ORDER $22 to $40.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

# Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
Feb. 6, 1905.

# Go to E. W. Jones

and see his line of Farm Implements, Reapers, Mowers, Binders, Hay Rakes, Hay Tedders, Binding Twine, Land Rollers, Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Tooth Harrows and Cultivators of all kinds, Hand and Horse Garden Tools, Buckeye Grain Drills, the best side hill Plow on the market, also Cambridge flat land Plows, Lawn Swings, Wagon Jacks, Page Woven Wire Fence.

International Stock Food and Heave Cure always on hand.

Fertilizers that will stand the test.

Heavy and Light Horses bought and sold.

New and second hand Buggies, Wagons, Surreys, etc., always for sale. In fact any thing you want call and see

E. W. JONES
THE LIVERY MAN
Main Street. SMETHPORT, PA.
Opp. Court House.

# SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

# GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

# The Lindholm Company

## Brilliant Beauties of Springtime

### IN OUR GRAND EASTER OPENING

**Beginning with a Reception**

**THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 6th,**

**At eight o'clock and**
**Continuing for One Week.**

You are cordially invited and your friends likewise are sincerely welcome to see our display of the leading styles for spring and summer.

At the reception Thursday evening flowers will be given to the ladies as souvenirs.

Positively no goods will be sold that evening.

# The Lindholm Company



# MUNNSVILLE PLOWS

SUPERIOR POINTS

They have speed.

They are adapted to all kinds of soil.

They work easily—a boy can handle them.

They're strong and durable and will last for years.

They're made by people who have been doing nothing else for years but making good plows.

We're agents for these celebrated plows in Smethport and if you are on the lookout for a good plow drop in and have a talk with us. We will offer you plow values a little better than it has ever been your good fortune to have run across before.

# Redfield's Hardware



**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 6, 1905.


## LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"Winter lingers in the lap of spring."

—Farming utensils are advertised by Redfield's Hardware this week.

—Fire did $500 damage to the home of James H. Leslie in Bradford Monday evening.

—March, the lionlike month, will go down in history as exceedingly lamblike this year.

—The new advertisement of A. E. Foster & Co. contains many interesting hints to house cleaners.

—John Chopin was arrested and fined $25 and costs for killing a partridge near Bradford yesterday.

—A medicine company gave a free show on the streets last evening until driven under cover by the elements.

—Thomas Murphy, aged 59 years, died in Pittsburg this week. He was chief of police in Bradford 25 years ago.

—A new hydrant was put in the place of the broken one at the corner of Mechanic and Cemetery streets on Tuesday.

—A. E. Foster has purchased the house and lot of W. F. Specht on King street and will take possession about May 1st.

—It is reported that people are fishing for trout in this vicinity. Officers are watching them and arrests will probably follow.

—Clint Hall, who was injured at Coryville some time ago while switching cars, has so far recovered as to be out on crutches.

—Work was commenced last Monday on a new hose house in Condersport. It is to cost $4,500 and is a gift of ex-Judge A. G. Olmstead.

—The copper 2-cent issue of 1864 first contained the sentence, "In God We Trust," and was the first use of the word God in any government act.

—In the fourth ward of Kane borough our table last week only showed that Commissioner Peterson had 30 votes. It should have read 80 votes in that precinct.

—Miss Carrie Eilingsfeld has resigned her position with the dry goods firm of Fry & Comes. Miss Eilingsfeld will leave for Wellsville, N. Y., soon where she will be employed.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The lessons for the day, the fifth Sunday in Lent, will be "The Mystery of the Atonement," and "The Enigma of Suffering."

—Now is the time to clean up the filth and other accumulations of winter. A thorough cleaning of the back yards and streets will do much toward keeping the town free from epidemics this spring.

—Two men were arrested yesterday afternoon for starting a fight on the street. One of the belligerents had only been released from jail in the morning, where he had served a prolonged sentence.

—Burress Moore has resigned his position as head cutter with the Smethport Glass Co. to accept a similar position in a factory at Kane. Archie Malcolm has been promoted to head cutter at the local plant.

—A Slav christening was held near Latrobe, Pa., on Sunday. As a result Mike Kalifoski is dead, and several others seriously wounded. The riot started over the question of who was to replenish the liquor supply.

—It is now claimed that the Interstate base ball league will probably be composed of Bradford, Olean, Jamestown, Warren, Dunkirk and Kane. The other towns want to raise the salary limit and therefore they may be left out.

—A subscription paper to raise money for furnishing the parlors of the hose house was liberally subscribed to by our public spirited citizens this week. The hose company has taken new life and to-day is in better shape than it has been for years.

—A trained nurse remarks that if nervous persons would drink more water they would not be so nervous. This may be true in most cases but we have seen persons drink gallons of water in the morning and keep it up nearly all day and still be so nervous they could hardly stand it.

—Mayor Winger and the new city officers of Bradford were sworn into office on Monday. Among the new mayor's appointments were M. D. Murray to succeed himself as chief of police and Burt McAllister for chief of the fire department. The latter appointment has not as yet been approved by the councils.

—Our table of the vote at the Republican primaries was made in such a hurry last week that a few errors in figures was the result. These figures had to be transcribed three times before appearing in the paper, and it is not strange that these errors occurred. The mistakes were purely unintentional and no one is more annoyed by these inevitable errors than the editor.

—Last Saturday evening as a young man was passing a down town restaurant at a late hour he saw a young brute in the form of a man apparently choking and otherwise abusing a young woman. The passerby went into the place and took the woman's part. Hot words were followed by more forcible argument and in a short time the alleged restaurant man was the recipient of a well deserved thrashing. An officer happened along about this time and took the woman beater into custody. The woman in the case refused to prosecute and therefore he escaped Monday morning upon payment of $5 fine and the costs.

—Harry K. Thaw, the Pittsburg millionaire, and Miss Evelyn Nesbit, the beautiful chorus girl and artists' model, were married in the presence of a few friends in Pittsburg on Tuesday. The world-famed Countess of Yarmouth, nee Alice Thaw, now has for a sister-in-law the model and ex-chorus girl whom she and her family, save Harry Thaw, refused to recognize for years.

—For a long time past we have been promised by different members of our borough council that the MINER would in the future be furnished with a report of the monthly meetings but every time we have been disappointed. Often the work of our council is of interest to the general public and if the councilmen would do as they have often agreed we would publish such actions as are of interest to our readers.

—Eugene Evans had his head severely cut last Friday morning while chopping on the Chadwick farm west of town. He was using a double-bitted axe and in some way it got caught in the limb above his head and the result was a deep gash about two inches long on the left side of his head. It was impossible to stop the flow of blood with ordinary treatment and he came to town where a physician dressed the wound.

—A scientist has discovered that one drop of nicotine from the stem of a pipe, in a snake's mouth, immediately paralyzes the snake. The reptile becomes rigid and is soon a dead one. Smokers of pipes will be interested in this. They have only to catch a snake, open its "features," drop in the nicotine and the job is done. Science isn't doing a thing but simplifying the most difficult of old fashioned problems.—Bradford Era.

—The editor of the Penfield, Pa., Press is a young woman. This is from her paper: "A few months ago some of our brother editors announced our engagement, last week they fixed a time for the marriage, and we presume they have the man in view. He must be a poor excuse, though, for they inform us that we will have to hold our present job, even after our name has been changed. Such is life in the 20th century."

—A meeting of McKean County Pomona Grange, No. 32, P. of H., was held in I. O. O. F. hall, Smethport, Wednesday, April 5th, at 10 o'clock. Eighty-six members were present, every grange in the county being represented. The fair ground business was laid over. Grange insurance was discussed. A very good literary program was rendered. The grange closed at 4:30 p. m. to meet next time with Leafy Dale Grange at Bradford Wednesday, June 7th, at 10 o'clock.

—Miss Gertrude L. Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker, was tendered a plate shower last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Mullin, No. 188 Congress street, in honor of her engagement to Mr. Haskell L. Hookenberry of this city. About 40 guests were in attendance at the function, each of whom presented the bride-elect with a plate. Games, music and social diversements were the amusements of the evening, concluding with the serving of a luncheon, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

### Quick Service to California.

The Rock Island's Special Tourist Sleeping Excursions to California are several hours quicker than any other line. To satisfy the demand for an up-to-date service, arrangement has been made for a new, specially-built improved pattern of tourist sleeper, leaving Chicago daily and reaching Los Angeles in sixty-eight hours. Why not have the best and quickest, when the cost is no greater than the other kind? Full information from any Rock Island representative, or from John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

### To California Without Change.

In elegant tourist sleeping cars from St. Louis. Beginning March 1st and daily thereafter until May 15th, the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain Route will sell one way colonist tickets from St. Louis to California and North Pacific coast points at the exceedingly low fare of $30. Proportionately low rates from all eastern points. If you are contemplating a trip to any point in the west or southwest full information and lowest rates will be furnished on application to Jno. R. James, Cont. Pass. Agt., Mo. Pac. Ry., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

### Notice to Dog Owners.

On and after April 1, 1905 all dogs and bitches found within the limits of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, not wearing tags will be seized and dealt with according to law. The said tags can be procured from the Burgess at $1.00 each.

### Barred Plymouth Rock Eggs for Hatching.

Winners the last 2 years at Olean, N. Y., shows. Pens headed by nice sized males and pullets that are bred for egg production. Per setting $1.50.

Curf and R. C. Sasse.

### Sheep for Sale.

Fountaques flock, 54 Lincoln Longwool ewes and ram. Zellahill flock, 90 Shropshire ewes and ram. May be seen at my farm near Kushequa. Apply to Elisha K. Kane, Kushequa, Pa.

### For Sale or Rent.

25 acre Farm with good buildings, 1 mile from Smethport. Fine place for Poultry raising and gardening. Enquire of S. H. Cleveland, Hamlin Hardware Store, Smethport, Pa.

### For Sale.

Desirable lot, 82x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of

JOHN BERGQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

### Personal Mention.

W. S. Palmer spent Sunday in Port Allegany.

Mrs. G. H. Dean is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

Mrs. Chas. E. Mays was a visitor in Bradford this week.

Miss Orra Blever was a visitor in Hazelhurst this week.

Miss Harriet Ryan of Olean is visiting friends in town this week.

Col. Melville M. Gillette made a business trip to Ohio this week.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town yesterday.

County Treasurer S. D. Weaver spent Sunday with friends in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Waller of Eldred were visitors in town yesterday.

J. M. Van Gorden of Bolivar was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Mrs. O. H. Goodsell of Salamanca visited friends in town this week.

Webb Hopper visited friends in Belmont from Saturday until Monday.

Prof. H. M. Wilson of Port Allegany had business in town last Saturday.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander was called to Honeoye, N. Y., on business yesterday.

Attorney F. D. Gallup was transacting legal business in Kane last Saturday.

Misses Dewly Davis and Pauline Wilson of Bradford are visiting friends in town.

Paul D. Hamlin left on Tuesday for his home in Chicago after an extended visit here.

Waldo W. Sasse leaves to-day for Bloomington, Ill., where he will play ball this season.

Chas. E. McCoy, who had been visiting his parents in town, returned to Cornell college Monday.

Mrs. A. E. Hoffman and daughter, Miss Eva, of Olean were guests of relatives in town over Sunday.

Miss Bessie Blake left yesterday for Buffalo where she has accepted a position with a millinery firm.

L. B. Heers and three children and Miss Lena Sheers of Angelica, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper.

Adam Hafner of Youngsboro, Pa., was visiting his daughter in town and other relatives in this vicinity this week. He was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

D. C. Young left Monday for New York City, where he will meet Mrs. Young, who has been making an extended sojourn in Mexico, and accompany her home the last of the week.

G. C. Munson of Buffalo, spent Sunday in town the guest of friends. Mr. Munson favored the congregation of the M. E. church Sunday evening with a finely rendered baritone solo, "The Palms."

# This Store Overflows With New, Fresh, Timely Merchandise.

Never have we been quite so well prepared to smooth the path of the tired or puzzled shopper.

As we said, this store is brimful of wanted merchandise.

New fabrics in great variety are arriving daily. The Dress Goods Department holds fresh weaves and fabrics—the silks are abloom with the new season's colorings.

The woman who needs a ready-to-wear skirt or waist will find a more satisfying assortment than ever before.

All the spring styles of Hosiery—some for women, some for men and some for children. Gloves, Neckwear and Ribbons in such a pleasing array—a regular fashion mecca for these little accessories.

For rainy days—Umbrellas in black and colors and at all prices—in the umbrella headquarters. Then we have new things for the men—new Monarch Shirts and the Arrow Braud Collars to use with them; also the smart "I Should Smile Cravats." Oh we are haberdashers, too.

## EVERYBODY COME.

We emphasize especially just two items. All over the store you will find much of interest.

## SKIRTS

Mohairs and Panamas have been employed to exceptional advantage in the new walking and dress skirts for spring and summer wear. There's a striking combination of the latest style points and exceptional value which you will readily appreciate. Prices $3.50 to $7.50.

## DRESS GOODS

We were very fortunate in getting a few pieces from a lot of fancy Black Voiles that were made for a merchant who failed before the shipment was delivered. They're just the sort of goods that fashion sanctions. 48 inches wide, positively worth $1.50. We sell as we buy. Friday and Saturday per yd. 65c.

# FRY & COMES.



# "MERODE"

Hand Finished

# UNDERWEAR.

Exquisitely finished with silk by hand.

The combination suits are especially recommended for stout women.

I handle a beautiful line in all grades of summer underwear.

# MRS. M. L. BISETT,

THE CITY STORE.

# Walk-Over

**Shoes for Men.**

Don't pay $5.00 for a pair of shoes when you can buy a pair of WALK-OVERS for $3.50 and $4.00. Style and quality are the features that should interest you. Paying more for it doesn't make the article any better. We want men who have been paying $5.00 for their shoes to come in and see our line of WALK-OVERS. You'll find the only difference is in the price. The saving is worth consideration.

# WM. MONHEIMER.

SMETHPORT.

# HAVE YOU BEEN THINKING?

# SPRING IS HERE.

## Will You Need Any Tools or Material

to repair your buildings or to build new ones or is your dairy supplied with the best of dairy supplies?

We can supply you with any of these goods in quality and quantity and save money.

# HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK



# Wedding Gifts

All the latest up-to-date goods, Cut Glass, Sterling Silver, Bronzes and Novelties.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

# The Succession

*By Frank H. Sweet.*

Copyright, 1901, by Frank H. Sweet

Ryland, younger son and only two removed from a title, stood in the doorway of his dugout and gazed across the prairie. Ryland's gaze went idly along his fences and over his few scattering cattle and then returned to the object which had brought him to the door—the mail wagon.

The six dugouts and store in sight and a few more isolated dugouts below the horizon comprised Cattleboro, dignified with a triweekly mail and having Ryland, as the most literary man of the community and the recipient of the bulk of the mail, its custodian.

As the wagon drew near he saw that it contained a second occupant and presently that the second occupant was a woman. Then the wagon drew up in front of the dugout, and the woman descended, disclosing herself to be scarcely more than a girl and such a girl as Cattleboro had never seen before. Ryland made a quick step forward, the pleasure on his face mingled with a good deal of wonder.

"Where can I find a hotel, sir? Is the schoolhouse near? Will you be kind enough to direct me to Mr. Ryland's?" the girl asked almost in a breath.

Ryland's wonder became sudden comprehension.

"You are Miss Collinwood," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you step into the dugout a moment. I will get the mail and then come in and explain, I am Mr. Ryland."

Outside, the dugout was like the others of the country within, the similarity ended. Skins and Indian blankets covered the rough walls, and there was a profusion of books and periodicals. The girl's eyes flashed a friendly recognition toward some of the titles. Then Ryland entered with a little package of letters and papers in his hand and with a troubled look on his face.

"I'm sorry you didn't wait for me to write again," he said. "The fact is we haven't any schoolhouse yet. The boys are busy rounding up and branding their cattle just now, and so it's been put off. And—er—there isn't a hotel or boarding house in the whole country. The only thing I see is for you to go to the Rikshaws' dugout, only a quarter of a mile from here. I think they will be able to squeeze a room for you, and they're good people, though Mrs. Rikshaw cannot speak a word of English. My idea was for you to board with Stanley, but his wife is east just now, and they won't move into their dugout under a month. Why didn't you wait until I had something definite to write?" pathetically.

The girl laughed.

"I suppose it was because I liked your letter describing the country," she replied. "I wanted to take a vacation, and it occurred to me this would be just the place. I could see the people and get some idea of what school duties are. You see, this is to be my first attempt at teaching. As to the Rikshaws, I think we will get along very nicely together."

Ryland's face showed his relief.

"Then it will be all right," he declared. "I'll corral—get the men together, and we'll put up a log schoolhouse for you just as soon as their rush work is over. We've already selected a fine clump of trees to build under. And in the meantime, if you wish, we can arrange for you to teach the children out of doors under the trees. There will be no rains at this season."

"That will be delightful," she cried eagerly, "only," her face falling a little, "I haven't secured the position yet."

"I give it to you now."

"Without examination?"

He looked embarrassed, then laughed.

"Why, yes, I think I'd better. I don't believe I would know how to conduct an examination. You see, it's like this. The men out here are very busy people, and as I'm the only shiftless one they have a habit of loading all the offices upon my shoulders. On second thought," the relief on his face becoming complete, "I am glad you have arrived so early. These things naturally fall into line with a teacher's duties. You will design the schoolhouse—of logs, you know—select the books and make out a list of the apparatus necessary."

"But hold on," began Miss Collinwood, the merriment in her face changing to sudden dismay.

"No, no," hurriedly, "it is absolutely necessary. It is the—the examination you know—er—to take the place of it, I mean. I have felt worried about the school books, for I never went to an American school, you know. I couldn't refuse, of course, for they are all splendid, hardworking people here, and it would help them. I think we will make a great success of it now."

"I hope so," faintly.

He looked at her keenly.

"Of course I shall help you all I can," he reassured her. "The first few days I expect I had better even help with the teaching. Some of the young people can speak broken English, and some cannot speak English at all, and most of them are only half civilized. But I've been here several years and understand them, and they all like me. I think if I go to school with you awhile and tell them hunting stories and perhaps take one of my half-wild horses there for them to give exhibitions on and try to break during recess it might keep them more tractable. But suppose we go over to the Rikshaws now and arrange for your accommodation."

One week later school commenced on log benches and a desk under the trees. Ryland was there with an inexhaustible store of hunting and animal stories to bribe the scholars' attention and with a vicious horse fastened to one of the trees, which was to be common property out of school hours.

For the first few days Ryland was thoroughly interested in the novel work and was there when school opened and remained until it closed, and by the time the novelty began to pall he had become even more thoroughly interested in the teacher.

Among his letters from England two months or so later was one from the family solicitors, the opening paragraph of which reads: "It is our painful duty to inform you of a sad accident which befell your Cousin Robert and the baronet while testing a new automobile. Robert was instantly killed and the baronet somewhat injured. He is already better, thanks to his robust constitution. This makes you the heir, and the baronet directs that you dispose of any interests you may have in America and return home immediately. Robert's allowance of £3,000 a year will be yours if you reside in England. We may add that the Lady Ellen is staying at the Hall."

Ryland read the letter thoughtfully, but, on the whole, with clearing face. Only that morning he had received an intimation that a mortgage would be foreclosed on his ranch unless the interest be paid immediately. That would leave him practically penniless. His natural bent was for quiet and his books. He doubted if he could make a living in America or anywhere, for that matter. The only thing was to return and accept the £3,000 and incidentally Lady Ellen.

Once decided, he thrust the rest of the letters into his pocket and started out to say goodby to his friends. When something disagreeable was in prospect the less procrastination the better.

It was like that took him straight to the schoolhouse. Miss Collinwood was more to him than all else in America, how much more he had not realized until he decided to leave.

She was just closing the door when he arrived, and something in her eyes as she greeted him chilled his intended brief farewell into, "Suppose we stop under the trees a little while, Miss Collinwood. It is so pleasant here now, and, besides, I have something I want to tell you."

"Under the trees" had been their favorite talking place and he found it even more difficult to speak the words of farewell there than he had at the schoolhouse door. Several times he forced them to his lips, but looking into her eyes and listening to her voice he could not give them utterance. England and the three thousand pittance were slipping farther and farther away, and America and this girl beside him were becoming nearer and more indispensable. She was telling him of some of her ambitions and hopes, and the indomitable courage was firing his own veins and making simple what had before seemed insurmountable. He had thought this girl his dearest friend; he now knew that she was infinitely more, and in this land or anywhere it would be easy to make a living for the woman he loved. Suddenly he reached out and took her hands in his, strongly, and she did not resist.

"Miss Collinwood—Elinor," he said steadily, "will you marry me?"

And she, after a moment of silence, but not hesitation, answered quietly, "Yes."

They talked for half an hour longer, making plans and discussing hopes, then he noticed the bulk of unopened letters in his pocket. He took them out one by one and read them, still talking and making comments on what they contained. The last was from the same solicitor as the first, written two days later, but mailed in time to reach the same boat. It read: "The late baronet's injuries, at first thought slight, developed alarming symptoms yesterday, and he died this morning. You succeed to the title. Please come at once."

### Wherein Coffee Is Peculiar.

Probably every one who has noticed the green and roasted coffee sitting together in sacks in the dealer's store house has observed the difference in size of the beans. It is a peculiarity of coffee that in roasting while it loses considerably in weight it gains in bulk. At the reddish brown stage the loss of weight has been about 15 per cent and the gain in bulk about 30; at the chestnut brown, 20 and 50 per cent respectively, and, if carried to a dark brown, 25 and 60. It is in the roasting that the volatile oil to which the delightful aroma is due is developed, as it is not present in the green berry. If the roasting is carried too far—beyond a light brown—this oil is injured and destroyed, and the disappointed housekeeper properly complains that the coffee has been roasted to death.

### Drink Buttermilk.

There would be more buttermilk sold if people only knew the good qualities of the drink. There is nothing in the line of simple drinks which exercises a more beneficial influence on the general health. It is at once food and medicine. The lactic acid it contains acts on the whole digestive system, while as food it has already undergone a semi-digestion in the churning to which it has been subjected. Instances are numerous of persons afflicted with Bright's disease living for many years in comparative comfort with no other medicine than a daily supply of buttermilk.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

## BOER TOBACCO.

### Natives Use It, but It Is Too Much For White Men.

After Transvaal tobacco, but a long way after, comes Boer. The name is in reality nowadays a misnomer, for this tobacco is grown largely in Natal and Cape Colony. It is also cultivated in the Orange River Colony, is sold by the roll and can be obtained for about $8 a pound if a whole roll is purchased. It is also sold by the sack.

White men buy these sacks, but they do not smoke the contents themselves; they use it to reward the Kaffir servants for working overtime or doing any other meritorious action. The taste for Transvaal tobacco is an acquired one. It also takes a certain time before a man gets used to the scent. No white man who has come from a distance has so far lived long enough to acquire a liking for either the taste or the smell, but it has its uses in the case of the natives, and it is also useful if you have an undesirable visitor whom you are anxious to get rid of. Offer him a pipe of Boer tobacco, and he will never enter your house again.

The traders purchase this weed largely. They also use it upon the natives in the shape of presents, as every Kaffir who makes a purchase in a country store always asks for a free gift, and the competition to secure the native trade is so acute that the request cannot be refused.—South Africa.

## YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

### Make Up Your Mind to Seek It Rather Than Wait For It.

It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until it becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting. Opportunity becomes invisible to those who are doing nothing or looking somewhere else for it. It is the great worker, the man who is alert for chances, that sees them.

Some people become so opportunity blind that they cannot see chances anywhere—they would pass through a gold mine without noticing anything precious, while others will find opportunities in the most barren and out of the way places. Bunyan found opportunity in Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory in the world on the miserable paper that had been used to cork his bottles of milk. A Theodore Parker or a Lucy Stone sees an opportunity to get a college in a chance, to pick berries. One boy sees an opening to his ambition in a chance to chop wood, wait on table or run errands, where another sees no chance at all. One sees an opportunity to get an education in the odds and ends of time, evenings and half holidays, which another throws away.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

## SUNDAY MEALS.

### Do Not Overeat and You Will Feel Better on Monday.

If it is desired to begin the week refreshed and ready for labor, rested in mind and body, the eating customs of Sunday will have to be readjusted. Have a later breakfast, if desired, but have then a very light one even if you are hungry, or, if it must be hearty, then do not upset your digestive habits any more than may be avoided and have but two meals on that day and eat no other. It would be far better to have three light meals, lighter than usual, if that could be arranged to fit with the other household arrangement. The custom of noon dinner on that day arises from the usual absence of cook or maid at the later one, and this may be unavoidable. Very well, then, treat this as a rest day for cook and digestive apparatus as well as from other labors. Have a light breakfast, a light dinner and a chafing dish supper as near the ordinary hours of meals as possible and remember, as you are going to take less exercise than usual you demand a lesser amount of more easily digested food.—Helen Johnson in Good Housekeeping.

### "Off" For "From."

As a stranger in Philadelphia I was much amused by certain provincialisms. One of these was the use of the word "off" instead of "from." "Please buy flowers off me," say the youthful street venders. One day while waiting for some groceries a young lady, evidently unused to housekeeping, approached the raw Irish clerk and timidly asked: "I want some mutton to make broth. Shall I get it off the neck?" "No, ma'am," was the solemn reply as the clerk pointed to the butcher busy at his block, "ye git it off that mon."—Presbyterian.

### Crushed.

"I think I never saw Rymer so utterly crushed as he was when his first poem appeared in print."

"What was the matter? Some typographical error in the poem?"

"No, that wasn't it. What crushed him was that the paper was sold for a penny a copy, just as usual."

### Saves Him Money.

"Why do you always agree with your wife in everything?" she said.

"I find it cheaper to do that than to quarrel with her and then buy diamonds to square myself."

### Couldn't Spend It.

"Say, Bill, once I had more money dan I knew what to do with."

"Yer don't mean it?"

"Sure. I found a quarter in a temp'rance town."

### An Inference.

Clerk—The old man thinks you are pretty. The Typewriter—Really? Has he said so? Clerk—No, but he doesn't criticise your spelling.—New York Press.

Avoid popularity; it has many snares and no real benefit.—Penn.

**What Shall We Have for Dessert?**

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Sold everywhere at your grocers to-day.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

## EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

### One of the Famous Whispering Places of the World.

Among the notable whispering places of the world is the "Ear of Dionysius" of ancient Syracuse. It is in the shape of a parabolic curve, ending in an elliptical arch, with sides parallel to its axis, perfectly smooth and covered with a slight stalactitic incrustation that renders its reperecussions amazingly sonorous. It is 64 feet high, from 17 to 35 in breadth and 187 deep. It has an awful and gloomy appearance, which, with its singular shape, perhaps gave rise to the popular and amusing paradox that Dionysius had it constructed for the confinement of those whom he deemed inimical to his authority and that from the little apartment above he could hear all the conversation among the captives who were brought to the ancient town of Syracuse in the time of its splendor, when it was the largest in Sicily. The sound of words uttered with a low voice is augmented in vaults or galleries so as to become audible at a considerable distance from the speaker.

A like effect takes place in a less degree when sound ascends from the bottom of a deep well or when words are uttered at one extremity of a long corridor or passage in a building. If a pin be dropped into a well the sound produced when it strikes the water is distinctly heard at the mouth of the; sounds of words spoken near the surface of any well is similarly augmented. Try it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A FAMOUS STAR GROUP.

### The Constellation Orion In Legend and Literature.

The constellation Orion is mentioned in the literature of all ages. In Egypt it represented Horus, the young or rising sun, in a boat surmounted by stars, closely followed by Sirius, which was shown as a cow. It has also been found sculptured on the walls of Thebes 3,000 years ago. And on the men of that early time it shone down from the same position and with the same brightness it does on us today, a striking example of the unchangableness of the heavens.

From the days of the early Hindoos to the present the constellation has for some reason borne always a stormy character. Allusions to its rising in July are found everywhere among the classic writers. Thus Milton writes:

> When with fierce winds Orion arrived
> Hath rexed the Red sea coast.

The loss of the Roman squadron in the first Punic war was ascribed to the fleets having sailed just after the rising of Orion. The group has also been employed as a calendar sign. Its morning rising indicating the beginning of summer, its midnight rising the season of grape gathering and its early evening rising the arrival of winter, with its attendant storms. In recent times the group has always represented a great hunter or warrior. Its present title came into Greek astronomy from the Euphrates and originally signified the light of heaven.

### Fig Sunday.

Palm Sunday is known in England as Fig Sunday because in many districts figs are freely eaten on that day. The custom is common in the villages of Bedford, Bucks, Hertford and Northampton and is found in some parts of north Wales. As Palm Sunday approaches the shop windows of Dunstable are filled with figs in readiness for the crowds who go to the top of Dunstable downs to regale themselves on that day. At Kempton, in Hertfordshire, to "keep warsel" is to feast on figs or the puddings with your friends on Palm Sunday. Fig Sunday is probably connected with the story of the barren fig tree, which forms part of one of the lessons for the day.—London Mail.

### A Tailor's Proclamation.

The art of advertising has reached a high pitch of excellence in these days, but old newspapers and circulars furnish some fetching examples which it would be difficult to improve upon. Fifty years ago a Maidstone (England) tailor made this alluring appeal to the public:

"Neoteric cutting. Coats, trousers and vests, in alamodal style and material, are scientifically constructed and symmetrically adjusted to the anthropological flexibilities, for a thaumaturgically minute, prompt, monetary gesticulation." Then follows the address, where your "commands will be executed with rabdological exactitude and melliloquent courtesy."

### Bishop Brooks' Joke.

Some years ago Bishop Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness and was denying himself to all visitors when Robert Ingersoll called. The bishop received him at once. "I appreciate this very much," said Mr. Ingersoll, "but why do you see me when you deny yourself to your friends?" "It is this way," said the bishop. "I feel confident of seeing my friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance of seeing you."

### In the History Class.

"Who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus?" asked the teacher, looking sharply at the boy.

"I—I don't know, ma'am," answered the frightened urchin. "As true as I'm settin' here I didn't have nothin' to do with it."

### Love's Young Dream.

A Washington youth wrote home after the elopement, "I am married now, and all my troubles are over." Married men, please don't titter.—Chicago Journal.

Nobody ever pries into another man's concerns but with a design to do or to be able to do him mischief.—South.

**SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE**

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

## Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. E. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimins, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hughes, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Hewitson, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—S. L. Knapp, R. C. Gregson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; N. Apple, treas., Sheridan Gorton, secy., W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. O. Gleason.
Assessor—E. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chase, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Lewis.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree 2d month, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

CHAS. GLEASON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 389, meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 241, meets the Thursday afternoon of each month in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MATTIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 78, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday. Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

## Churches

*Methodist Episcopal*—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

*Episcopal*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel*—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth Catholic Church*—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 7:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

*First Baptist Church*—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. The Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited. Seats free.

**Pennsylvania**

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHEN ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Kinzway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Laidlaw, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 124, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30 a. m.—Train 13, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ostaville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:03 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:38 a. m., New York 7:18 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:05 a. m., New York 9:50 a. m., Baltimore 7:00 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Vestibuled sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

| NORTH | STATIONS | SOUTH |
|---|---|---|
| A. M. Lv | | Ar P. M. |
| 2:20 | Ridgway | 11:50 |
| 2:40 | Johnsonburg | 11:30 |
| 2:50 | Glen Hazel | 11:15 |
| 3:07 | Straight | 11:04 |
| 3:15 | Instanter | 10:59 |
| 3:20 | Smith's Run | 10:52 |
| 3:27 | Woodvale | 10:45 |
| 3:35 | Clermont | 10:40 |
| P. M. | | A. M. |

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:25 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, East Brady, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

**Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.**

Time table in effect January 30th, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:30 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Simpson, Dows, Akron, Buzzard Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West; at Kane with P. & E. division Pennsylvania R. R. for Ridgway, Philadelphia and intermediate points and Wilcox, Emporium and Sinnamahoning Junction.

10:55 a. m.—Daily except Saturday for Grimsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:00 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. & E. division Pennsylvania R. R. for Ridgway, Philadelphia and intermediate points.

Trains arrive as follows:

10:30 a. m.—From Kane, Mt. Jewett, Bradford and Grimsby.

4:30 p. m.—From Kane, Mt. Jewett, Bradford and Grimsby.

8:00 p. m.—From Kane, Mt. Jewett, Bradford and Grimsby.

Through Pullman sleeping cars between Kane and Philadelphia and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Through coaches between Kane and Philadelphia and Williamsport.

Connections at Kane Junction.

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# A Dangerous Acquaintance

BY WILLIS EMERY

Copyrighted, 1901, by Charles D. Etherington.

THREE flights of stairs, steep and uneven, led up to Stephen Churchill's studio. They presented serious difficulties, especially on a hot afternoon, to so plump a man as John Gregory, art editor of the Traveler, and he paused at the head of the second flight and vainly tried to fan himself with a soft alpine hat.

He was somewhat sensitive in regard to his weight, and so he made a thin excuse for this halt, pretending that he had something to say to his companion, a brown eyed girl in a white dress.

"Remember," said he as impressively as he was able with the breath that was in him, "remember that I am not responsible for Steve Churchill. He is a good artist and a bad man—a dangerous man."

"We have libertines even at home," said she. "In that respect Mr. Churchill will not be a novelty. But we have no men there who could have painted 'The Cliff's Edge.' If is Mr. Churchill, the artist, whom your little country cousin wants to meet. Lead on, Jack, when you get your breath."

"I despise these fellows who pursue every pretty face," he began.

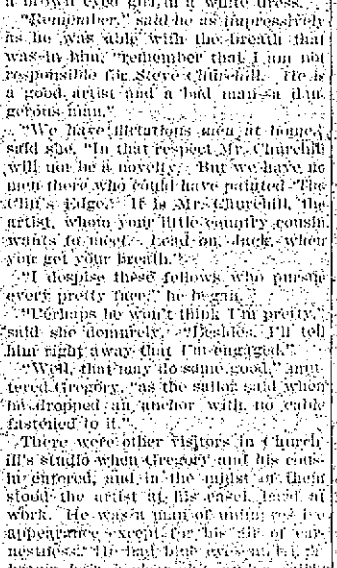
"Perhaps he won't think I'm pretty," said she demurely, "besides, I'll tell him right away that I'm engaged."

"Well, that may do some good," muttered Gregory, "as the sailor said when he dropped an anchor with no cable fastened to it."

There were other visitors in Churchill's studio when Gregory and his cousin entered, and in the midst of them stood the artist at his easel, busy at work. He was a man of unkempt appearance except for his air of restlessness. He had blue eyes and a brown hair, a fine physique and a good figure. To other young men, as to the sitters, the success of Churchill—unless one happened to remember that "genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains"—Churchill seemed to have a facial expression which would fit the definition.

Hardly had Gregory put down his palette when Gregory introduced him to "the country cousin," and he seemed to take no especial interest in her except at the mention of the fact that she was an artist. Then he looked at her sympathetically, as if Gregory had said that she suffered from some chronic and painful ailment. Immediately he returned to his work without offering an apology, but for several minutes he continued to converse with Gregory and Miss Talbot, wandering ever farther away from them until his voice seemed to become inaudible in the far background of the landscape on the easel.

Helen Talbot laughed softly all the way down the three flights of stairs,



HE LOOKED AT HER SYMPATHETICALLY.

and her enjoyment was the greater because of Gregory's extraordinary muttering and head shaking.

"I'll tell you what's a fact, Helen," he said as they came out upon the sidewalk, "something has struck Steve Churchill. I never saw him act like that before."

"Dangerous, dangerous man!" laughed the girl. "Where on earth did you get that idea of him?"

"The thing that makes me afraid for you, Helen," said he, "whether it's a question of trolley cars, express wagons or unprincipled men, is that you treat peril by the faith cure and deny its existence."

"And you imagine its existence," she retorted. "But, seriously, Jack," she added, "I am tremendously obliged to you for taking me to see Mr. Churchill. I have paid $100 for a course of lessons and have learned less from it than I learned from the pictures in that studio and from the man himself at work."

"Churchill not only has individual method," said Gregory, "but he has all kinds of method. You can't help picking up something that will help you. However, I'm interested in the man just now, not in the artist. What the dickens has come over him?"

Helen offered no solution of the problem, and presently they parted. A few days later the girl appeared in the art department of the Traveler, and every artist looked over the top of his drawing board while she was passing through the room. Indeed they never failed to do so. It would have been possible for Helen to deny them this pleasure by taking a somewhat longer route to her cousin's room—perhaps a dozen yards longer, involving the loss of several seconds—but she always convinced herself that she was in a hurry. Admiration is of course pleasant to a pretty girl, and there is no reason why she should go out of her way to avoid it.

"I've learned that Mr. Churchill has a class of art," said she. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It slipped my mind," answered Gregory, frowning at a drawing.

"Well," said Helen, "I've joined it."

Gregory settled down a little farther into his chair.

"Mr. Churchill is a great natural teacher," the girl continued, "but he discourages me."

"Why?" inquired Gregory.

"Because he evidently does not think I have any ability," she replied. "He gives me all the attention I could ask, but it is perfectly obvious that he does so because his conscience compels him."

"Churchill's conscience?" muttered Gregory.

"By the way," said Helen, "I asked some of the other pupils whether they had noticed any change in him, and they hadn't. They none of them knew him very well."

"No," said Gregory, "I guess they didn't."

"It certainly seems to me," persisted Helen, "that Mr. Churchill has something on his mind. He talks to me as if he didn't see me, at all. I should think he was looking at somebody standing behind me. Do you suppose he can have met with any misfortune?"

"None that he doesn't deserve," growled Gregory.

Helen rose from her chair with the air of one who has reached the limit in patience.

"Well, it's not very flattering," said she, "and I'd like to know what it means. However," she added after a momentary pause, "I'm inclined to say that so far as I can see he treats all the other girls just the same way."

"Churchill always had an indifferent manner," responded Gregory. "It's not that that makes her thinking changed. There seems to be a new purpose in the fellow, an energy and an ambition that I never saw before. Upon my word, I could almost believe that he has been caught at his own game and that some girl has made a dent in his volcanized rubber heart."

"The same notion occurred to me," said Helen. And presently she went away without having given any satisfactory reason why she had called.

It may have been about two weeks later that Helen happened to be in the vicinity of Churchill's studio about an hour before the time for the assembling of the class. It seemed better to wait in the studio than anywhere else that she could think of at the moment. Doubtless some of the other pupils would arrive early and keep her company. Churchill himself would be no company at all, as she had already learned. He would attend strictly to his work and forget her existence.

Upon this occasion, however, the artist was not at work, or, to be more exact, he was not at his usual task. He sat by a desk upon which were many letters which he had written. When Helen entered he looked at her for some seconds intently, as if trying to bring his mind to her from some remote region.

"How do you do?" said he in a far-away voice. And then when she was seated he resumed his place at the desk and slowly tore all the letters into very small pieces. Afterward he put something which looked like a locket or very small metal picture frame into a drawer of the desk and turned the key upon it.

"Mr. Churchill," said she, "I have been talking with my cousin about you."

"Yes?" he responded, with only the faintest show of interest.

"He finds you greatly changed," said the girl.

Immediately a very obvious and surprising change revealed itself in the man. He rose with energy, and his eyes grew bright.

"I have good reason," he said.

She smiled and pointed to the drawer in the desk.

Churchill hesitated and then slowly turned. He opened the drawer and took from it something which the girl could not see until he held it toward her. It was, as she had guessed, a small round frame of plain gold containing a face cut from a photograph, the face of a very pretty girl, yet not such a girl as might be expected to accomplish a great and beneficial change in a man like Churchill.

To be honest about it, she looked vain and silly. As a mate for a genius she might fulfill the doleful traditions in regard to this subject, but youth always fights against tradition. Certainly Helen rebelled at the thought that such a doll should sway the destinies of a man whose most commonplace idea and lowliest aspiration she must always be totally unable to appreciate.

"Isn't she lovely?" she exclaimed. "Blue eyes, of course, like yours. How odd!"

"It's odd that any girl should care a penny for me," responded Churchill, relapsing into his former manner. "I'm not worth it."

He began to pace restlessly up and down the studio, in which exercise he was interrupted by the entrance of some members of his class.

It may have been a month after this that Helen came early to the studio again, but this is not to say that she had never done so in the meantime. A peculiar fascination had brought her there more than once. Why she came she surely did not know. Churchill never seemed particularly glad to see her, and their conversation was often depressing, though Helen always strove to lift it to the highest level of aspiration and artistic enthusiasm.

If she had any conceivable purpose it was to put the man at his best. Really she was fighting against the doll's face in the gold frame, profit-

SHE WAS STARING AT A PHOTOGRAPH.

less since it was stirring up in him the slumbering of the worse side of Churchill's nature, for after all, art is a long league running after perfection, and begins to run after [illegible] face he is not much the [illegible] Woman's intelligence should help him to seek a [illegible] can help him [illegible] comprehend him [illegible] to show him [illegible] all petty [illegible] them [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] question [illegible] had [illegible] with her name [illegible] "I am going to say goodby to you now before any one else comes, though I may see you again even after today."

"Goodby?" she echoed, amazed.

"I'm going away," he said hurriedly. "I'm going abroad—or somewhere. I'm all out of sorts—broken down. I can't work. I need a change."

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" she demanded.

He hesitated and then almost sprang to his desk. In another instant he had shown her the gold frame, empty.

"It's all over," said he. "Better for her—much better for her. And for me, perhaps—I don't know—there's been another influence—I'm not the same man."

"What influence"— she began.

He looked into her eyes. She started back.

"No, no!" she cried. "I did not mean to do this."

He smiled sadly and extended his hand.

"Goodby," said he.

In the moment that followed they both heard steps upon the stairs.

"In a few days you'll have forgotten all about it," said he. "I shall be gone"—

"No!" she cried. "I don't want you to go."

His hand closed tighter upon hers, and then some one knocked at the door.

At the close of the session of the class Helen went to the Traveler office. She wanted to see Gregory, whom she recognized as her best available mentor, and yet she had by no means decided to tell him what had happened. In fact, she did not know what really had occurred except that she had broken Churchill's engagement. Her own sentiments were in wild confusion. She seemed to be two different girls, one of whom still remained bound in honor and affection to the man who held her promise, while the other was whirling away into another part of the universe.

Gregory was not in his office, and no one seemed to know what had become of him. While waiting Helen could not be idle. She seized upon the portfolios of the department and ran through endless stores of portraits and scenes, as if in frantic search [illegible] something.

When Gregory entered she was rigid as stone, staring at a photograph which she held in her hand.

"Jack," said she, "who is this?"

He glanced over her shoulder.

"English beauty," he replied. "Used to be on the stage. Dead, poor girl."

"Dead?"

"Yes, three or four years ago. I thought I'd thrown the picture away."

"Jack," said she, "Mr. Churchill had this girl's picture in a frame. Was he ever engaged to her?"

"To her! Why, he never saw her. She was never in this country nor he abroad. He made a portrait of her once long ago for the Traveler."

"Why, he told me"—

"Yes," said Gregory, sitting down heavily. "He told you that you had interrupted a romance. Old game. Wish you'd informed me sooner. But you didn't think I knew enough to make it worth while."

"Jack," said she, "I'm going home,—no, I'll go somewhere else for a week or two, and then I'll go home and stay."

"That's my good little cousin," said he heartily. "I'm glad to hear it."

## ORIENTAL COURTESY.

**An Incident In Which Miss Anna Dickinson Figured.**

Miss Anna Dickinson traveled everywhere independently and saw human nature in all of its hues. Writing to a woman friend once, she described a reception given by wealthy Chinamen in a restaurant kept by Chi Lung in San Francisco, and she was the guest of honor. She said that she saw a servant coming toward her with a box divided into compartments, with different kinds of nuts and candies in the various trays. She picked out half a dozen or so and laid them on the arm of the chair, which served as a table. As the attendant passed on to others she saw that each took only an [illegible], and she was much embarrassed.

[illegible] Chinaman, the one who had originated the [illegible] for he rose at [illegible] and, [illegible] did the same, and they [illegible] Dickinson [illegible] believe.

"After [illegible] that I might have shocked all the [illegible] Chinatown as much as [illegible] should have been shocked if we had invited a Chinaman who [illegible] to dine with us and he had taken a whole fried chicken and torn it limb from limb at our table. In such an event would you or I ever [illegible] the [illegible] to have [illegible] other chicken and thus [illegible] them?"

## RUSSIAN WOMEN.

**The Many Restrictions to Which They Are Now Subjected.**

It is evident to any American to understand that freedom as we know it does not exist in Russia. Under the legal position of women in the Tzar's dominions, not she herself belongs to herself, but is always under the guardianship of some one.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the entire control of her parents. Her coming of age does not affect her position. She simply passes the authority of her parents to the more rigid authority of her husband. As the Russian saying puts it, "One person cannot reasonably be expected to fulfill simultaneously two such antithetical powers as that of husband and parent."

The unlimited power of the parent is withdrawn and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave her lord even to visit a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the end of that time she is bound to return or get the pass renewed.

A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not allowed to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence in Russia is always regarded as of less weight than that of a man.—Harper's Weekly.

## DEFY HARD LUCK.

**A Few Bits of Wholesome Advice For the Pessimists.**

Don't talk about your hard luck.

Refuse to recognize it. Refuse to believe in it. Scorn to whine about it.

Get the whine out of your voice, or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends. It will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling womanhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work.

If you continually talk about your bad luck and mourn about your ill fortune, you create for yourself an atmosphere of misfortune which will certainly overwhelm you unless you stop in time.

The man or woman who persistently fears that such and such a thing is not going to turn out well is enlisting powerful forces against success.—Boston Traveler.

**English and French Police.**

No comparison can fairly be made between the police of London and Paris without due consideration of the fact that the French law admits an interference with the liberty of the subject which would not be tolerated in Great Britain. And it must also be remembered that the existence of octroi duties makes it difficult for a Frenchman to enter or quit Paris without being the subject of closer observation than he would encounter in an English city.—Solicitors' Journal.

**Pay as You Go.**

To live within one's income is the secret of prosperity. Happiness is the heritage of the one who adheres to this rule, and a contented mind and an ever increasing bank account will belong to the one who buys only what he can pay for.

**Very Good.**

"Yes, Hunter is really engaged to Miss Roxley."

"So he was telling me. He says she's not very pretty, but she's good."

"Yes, good for a million in her own right."—Philadelphia Press.

**Chivalry at a Discount.**

He—There was a run on the bank, was there? You were fortunate to get your money out. She—Yes; but I never saw such discourtesy. There wasn't a man offered me his place on the line.—New York Times.

**Willing to Exchange.**

Aunt Hetty—The doctor's goin' to take your temperature, Uncle Josh—Well, I hope he'll leave me a more healthy one in its place.

# COPHETUA TO DATE

*By Kate M. Cleary*

Copyright, 1901, by Kate M. Cleary.

Every one in town knew that Gordon Ellis had made a fortune in the Klondike and was coming back to his native town. And the general supposition existed that he was returning in quest of a wife. There were those who, recalling the boy and girl love affair between him and Lesda Revere, smiled significantly. But there were others who averred that both had been too young and inexperienced at the time of their parting to attach importance to the youthful romance.

Ferguson, the town banker, portly and prosperous, strolling down the main street one delicious summer morning, met his niece on her way to give a music lesson and stopped to refuse her a ride over the situation.

"Lesda, Gordon Ellis is expected back next week!"

"So I've heard, Uncle Bruce."

The tone was inhibitant, but she had colored rosily up to the crisp, reddish gold curls around her white forehead.

"It will be a great thing for Lindenville if he decides to settle down here, I hope," with pointed carelessness, "that you will try to persuade him!"

The flush faded, leaving her looking pale and very proud.

"I shall have nothing to say in the matter," she answered coldly. "It is unlikely that I shall even meet him."

"Nonsense!" Ferguson cried, dropping his rallying air. "Of course you will. We'll all have a chance to renew our old acquaintance with as fine a fellow as ever struck out to make his fortune. Marian is to give a big welcoming dance for him. Hortense is eager for pleasure, you know," he added impatiently, "and we like to indulge her."

Lesda [illegible] her head. Her interest [illegible] the matter of [illegible] Ellis. [illegible] married her uncle's [illegible] vious she and [illegible] Bruce Ferguson [illegible] bold, [illegible] possessed of a [illegible] was [illegible] having [illegible] her few [illegible] and some furniture had saved from the little house she owned on the outskirts of the rich, bustling manufacturing town.

The new mistress and her daughter were left in victorious possession, and Bruce Ferguson, with a man's obtuseness, did not realize what the inevitable change in their manner of living must mean to such fastidious women as his sister and niece. He had settled an income on Lucinda, but Lesda declared that her music teaching would bring her in all the money she would require. Of the deprivations and makeshifts necessary to present a serene front to a critical world neither spoke.

"So you'll surely come," Ferguson went on breezily. "I'm going to do the thing in fine style—have music and caterers down from Chicago and all that sort of thing."

The expression of proud reserve deepened on the countenance of Lesda Revere. She had an odd, exquisite style of beauty, foreign to her class and nationality. While her features were not classically perfect, there was about her face a look of spirituality, of distinction, that attracted and held attention.

"I hope you'll have a beautiful time," she said courteously. "But I shan't go, Uncle Bruce."

He stared at her a moment in puzzled surprise. Then he laughed heartily and brought his clinched fist down in the palm of the other hand.

"Nothing to wear, I'll bet a nickel! Poor Miss Flora McFlimsey!" For he saw by her quick, irrepressible smile that he had guessed right. "Well, you will have a dress, and one sent to you ready made from the city at that! Why, Hortense won't wear a thing that's made in Lindenville! Now, you'll promise to come? Well, what is it?"

She had been about to speak—to ask him to permit her to choose the gown herself. But, after all, what right had she to make suggestions to him? Was he not exceedingly generous to promise her a costume at all?

"Nothing, except that you are mighty good to think of such a thing! Yes—I'll come!"

"That's right!" he commented cordially and passed on.

Not until the very morning of the day set for the important function did the expected box arrive. Hortense and her mother had been up in the metropolis ordering their own attire. They had doubtless bought this at the same time. But, although she had read in grateful amazement the sum mentioned on the receipted bill that had been forwarded to her by mail, it was with a heart prophetically filled with doubt that Lesda opened the box, while her aunt looked over her shoulder. Layer after layer of tissue paper was laid aside. Lesda shrank back with a little cry of dismay as the gleaming, lustrous, costly fabric was revealed.

"What have I done to make Uncle Bruce's wife and daughter dislike me so?" she whispered. "They know—you know, Aunt Lucinda—that I can never wear such a shade!"

Lucinda Ferguson shook her head. Tears of disappointment came into her gentle old eyes as she gazed down on the expensive robe. It was of raw, crude, brickish pink—the very last hue that a girl with hair the copper color of Lesda's dare wear.

The girl laid back the layers of tissue paper with fingers that trembled.

"I'm sorry, because Uncle Bruce meant so well. And then," with lips that would quiver, "I get a chance to go to a dance so seldom!"

The long, hot, golden day lagged by. Never had the giving of music lessons seemed so tedious as it had the pupils ever appeared so tiresome. Coming home just as the relentless sun was dropping down the skies, the girl brightened with wan pleasure at sight of the little old gray cottage she called home. In the house she knew would be balm—the balm of sympathy, of rest, of love.

"I'll have a bath and a fresh gown," she told herself, and get out here in the silence and the sweetness and read until I forget there are gay people dancing the night away—and I not one of them!"

No, for worlds would she have admitted even to her own heart that it was loss the social exhilaration she missed than the wee, hidden hope she had harbored of seeing once more a well remembered dark head of looking the warm clasp of a strong, kind hand, of meeting the half hidden, half guizzical glance of expressive blue eyes.

She was very resolute in reading the tiny volume of Tennyson she had brought when after supper she came out into the fragrant solitude. Her gown was of simple lawn that trailed about her feet in a sweep as of broken waves. Her dark, strong head fell through its transparency.

The afternoon faded. Shadows crept stealthily up the garden ways. It was not possible to read longer. Anyhow she had hardly been aware of that which she was reading. Now the guests were gathering at the maples imposing home. Lights were shining and the gay music from the city resounding. And now she closed her eyes, drifting away into a reverie, sentimental, ingenious, kaleidoscopic, so absorbing that she did not notice the stopping of a carriage at the gate nor the heavy footstep muffled by the thick grass.

"I wonder if a kiss would waken her?" meditated a guizzical voice.

"Why, how"— She started to her feet the dazzling light of the warm, young midsummer moon full on her face. "Gordon!" she murmured.

Older, darker, manlier than the young fellow who had gone away, there was still the admiration in his eager eyes, the smile of tenderness about the square cut lips.

"You're a nice girl," he cried, holding her cold, slight hands in his warm, heavy pressure, "never to come to a party given in the honor of your old friend! I looked for you everywhere. Your uncle said you had promised him you would come. So he sent me to bring you, or rather," he laughed, "I asked him if I might not come for you. Come—Lessie."

It was the old childish name that no one else had called her.

"But I can't, Gordon!" She was blushing like a rose. "Not in this old gown!"

He glanced over her critically in bewilderment.

"Isn't that the—the right thing? It's just—stunning. You look like an Undine—a silver birch incarnated! All pale green and white—except for a crown of gold!" And this audacious young man stooped to touch the shining coronet with reverent lips.

"Lessie, you must know why I've come back!" His voice dropped to a coaxing cadence. "I've come—for you! Dear, have I spirited you? Well, come up to the dance, and I'll promise to be dumb until the last waltz."

"In a dress that cost a quarter a yard—and that I made myself?" she queried, her voice tremulous with excitement.

"Come for your uncle's sake!" he begged. "Every one here in Lindenville knows you. It will be great fun! And then, Lessie, come for my sake!"

It was great fun. The verdict that the girl in the sea green gown, with cheeks like wild roses, was the belle of the ball was practically unanimous. Only Hortense and her mother exchanged a glance of dark and significant disappointment when Bruce Ferguson, smiling indulgently if obtusely, whispered: "Cophetua up to date! Not such a bad match for a little music teacher!"

**An Unpromising Field.**

Mr. Yipsley was just on the point of leaving his house for his place of business downtown when there came a ring at the front door bell. He opened the door. A canvasser stood outside.

"I beg your pardon," said the canvasser, "but I'd like to show you a sample of our improved talking machine."

"I think I don't care to see it," replied Mr. Yipsley.

"You are not interested in talking machines perhaps?" ventured the other.

"I can't say that either; but I have one already. Talks all day long. Never needs winding up. Never runs down."

At this moment a high pitched voice from somebody at the top of the stairway broke into the conversation.

"It isn't so!" exclaimed the person with the high pitched voice. "It isn't so! But I've got a growling machine that runs whenever it's in the house!"

**Willing to Compromise.**

First Farmer—Will you take £10 for that cow?

Second Farmer—Can't do it.

"But yesterday you told me you'd sell her for £10."

"I know I did, but I'll have to back out."

"What's the matter?"

"You see, the cow belongs to my eldest daughter, and she says she will sob herself into hysterics if I sell her. It would break her heart."

"All right. It's no sale, then."

"I say."

"Well, what is it?"

"Make it £12 and we'll let her sob."—Liverpool Mercury.

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MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

# SOME ROYAL GHOSTS

## SPECTERS THAT PROWL ABOUT OLD COUNTRY PALACES.

**Queen Elizabeth Has a Weakness For Windsor and Catherine of Aragon For Hampton Court—Prussia's White Lady.**

The report that Queen Elizabeth has again been seen promenading the library of Windsor castle reminds one of the curious fact that, with but one solitary exception, these restless royalties who cannot sleep peacefully in their graves are women.

It is some years now since Queen Bess was last caught in the act of revisiting her old palace at Windsor, and the circumstances were these: A young officer of the guards was reading one evening in the library when he saw a woman, clad from head to heels in black, walk slowly across the library and pass into an adjacent room. The officer, moved by curiosity at such an unexpected sight, followed the lady and to his amazement found that she had vanished as completely from view as if the floor had swallowed her, and this although the only exit from the room was the one through which he had followed her.

Why the wandering lady should on such slight evidence be identified as Elizabeth of glorious memory is not made clear, but at Windsor castle it is firmly believed that Anne Boleyn's daughter still tenants a suit of rooms adjacent to the library.

Hampton Court palace is richer than the castle of Windsor in royal spooks. Catherine of Aragon, in spite of her not too pleasant memories of her husband, Henry VIII., is said still to walk in black attire, taper in hand, down one of the staircases and to disappear through the "Queen's gate," and, more disconcerting still, Henry's second Catherine has, so they say, been seen rushing along a corridor with streaming hair and white apparel, closely pursued by equally unsubstantial soldiers bent on capturing her.

This is supposed to be a re-enactment of a scene which actually took place not many days before Catherine Howard's death on Tower hill in 1542. The unhappy queen, who was then a prisoner in a room adjoining the long gallery, escaped from her guards and rushed away to throw herself at the feet of her royal husband and beg for mercy. She was pursued by her guards, who caught her at the door of the chapel where Henry was praying and dragged her back again to her prison chamber.

Ill fated Anne Boleyn does not seem to have ended her troubles on the block at the Tower, for has she not been seen driving down the avenue of Bushey park behind four headless horses, driven by an equally incomplete coachman? And fair Rosamond seems doomed to walk o' nights along the river bank at Godstone, awaiting her royal lover, who never keeps his tryst.

But English royalties have by no means a monopoly of postmortem perambulation. There is a certain beautiful white lady, very fair and queenly, who is said to haunt the rooms and corridors of the castle of Schoubrunn. Fair as the vision is, her appearances are never welcome, for they are said always to herald a death in the imperial family of Austria. She was seen in 1867 just before Maximilian, emperor of Mexico and brother of the Austrian emperor, was foully murdered and again before the deaths of Archduke Rudolph and his mother, the beautiful empress.

The royal house of Prussia also has its "white lady," who is only seen in the palace at Berlin before the death of some member of the reigning family. Unlike her sister of Schoubrunn castle, however, the white lady of Germany is said to be ill favored, if not downright repulsive, and instead of torch or scepter she carries in her hand a common or domestic broom; hence she has been irreverently christened "the sweeper."

There are white ladies attached to other European courts, notably that of Hesse-Darmstadt, the lady who inspired Wagner's "Lohengrin," but the oddest of all these royal wraiths is certainly the red man who confines his patronage to the royalties of France. He used to dog the steps of Catherine de' Medici, wife of one French king and mother of three, along the corridors at the Tuileries; he had a long interview, so it is chronicled, with the great Napoleon before he started on his ill starred Russian campaign, and it may have been through not following the specter's advice that Napoleon had such a sorry home coming. And it is reported that he was seen by the Empress Eugenie shortly before disaster finally overtook the house of Napoleon. —London Tit-Bits.

**Traveling Companions.**

An excellent test of a friend is the making of a journey in his company. Many who are most agreeable amid the little events of every day at home or in an accustomed round are unable to withstand the petty annoyances that come with travel—the deferred meals, early rising, loss of sleep, the minor discomforts we all have suffered. But none of these affects the temper of a favorite book. It is ever ready for your amusement, yet never resents being put aside. It has no choice as to your route and asks no more than a little corner of your traveling bag, or, at a pinch, will go into a pocket as snugly as a pet squirrel. The London Academy says: "Indeed, of all traveling comrades books are the most genial and the most gentle; not books of travel—they are for the home fireside—but tales that have for background the scenery you are looking upon or histories which deal with men and women who have dwelt and worked in the cities you are visiting."—St. Nicholas.

**Other People's Business.**

Jenny—Their engagement has been broken by mutual consent. Kate—Isn't that tantalizing! I'll never be satisfied until I find out which one broke it.—Smart Set.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—Howe.

# THE BELTED PLAID.

**This Was the Original Dress of the Scottish Highlander.**

The original dress of the highlander was the belted plaid. This was a piece of tartan cloth, two yards broad and four long, which was drawn around the waist in finely adjusted folds and tightly buckled with a belt. The lower part came down to the knees in much the same manner as the modern kilt, while the upper part was drawn up and adjusted to the left shoulder, so that the right arm might be perfectly free. This upper part was the plaid, which was used as a covering for the shoulders and body in wet weather, and when the use of both arms was required it was fastened across the breast with a brooch, often curiously enriched. A brooch was also used to fasten the plaid on the left shoulder. To attire himself in the belted plaid required on the part of the highlander no small amount of dexterity. The usual way was to lay it on the floor and after carefully arranging the folds to lie down upon it and then buckle it on. The lower end was fastened at the right hip. The utility of such a dress to the highlands is obvious, for the plaid rendered the man indifferent to storms and prepared to pass a night in the open air in the most inclement weather, while the loose underarrangement enabled him to wade rivers or ascend mountains with equal ease. It was thus peculiarly adapted to the warrior, the hunter and the shepherd.—London Mail.

# PRAIRIE DOGS.

**Choked Up a River While Traveling From Oklahoma to Texas.**

"The prairie dog migration from Oklahoma to southwestern Texas during July, 1874, eclipsed anything of that sort witnessed by white men in this country," said a veteran who saw it. "Millions of the frisky little barkers must have been in quest of new pastures or perhaps feared the approaching legions of home seekers would surely exterminate the dogs and plow up the dog towns. The prairie dog migration from the north to the southwest lasted six days during the month of July, 1874. The traveling dogs while crossing the Red river interfered to a great extent with the cattle that came to that stream to quench their thirst. Some cowboys that were on the banks of Red river during the time when the prairie dogs swam across say that the stream was chock full of the little rascals for many miles up and down the river. The thirsty cattle were either unable or unwilling to stick their mouths into the water through the moving mass of living prairie dogs. The cowboys were getting ready to drive the famishing stock to a distant stream, but the Red river became clear of the repelling swimmers after blocking the useful drinking place for about a week. It was generally supposed that the dogs halted when they had reached the staked plains of Texas."—Kansas City Times.

**Notice to Advertisers.**

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.


**AGENTS** Anybody Can Do It AGENTS

We want good live representatives to take orders for "Pearo or Pearl" Medallions. Entirely new. Sell at sight. Big money. Exclusive territory given. Agent's supplies. Novelties up-to-date. Write at once. **Universal Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg, Pa.**

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. E. C. at Hotel Imperial.

**SPRING CLOTHING**

for man and boy has been coming in for two weeks and we are ready for the early birds.

We shan't disappoint you either.

Our line of suits taken individually or collectively represent the cream of the clothes market of this United States.

We have also secured spring hats, shirts and neckwear.

You are welcome only to look.

IKE SIMONS,
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

**J. ODESSER**

is now located in Albert Hackett's residence on East street, Smethport, Pa.

**CASH**

—PAID FOR—

OLD IRON, RAGS, RUBBERS, OLD ROPE AND METALS.

Special bargains in all kinds of

TINWARE.

Also dealer in Furs and Hides of all kinds.

# Make Money In California

If you are industrious and capable you can make money there. The big ranches are breaking up into small farms that need more workers to care for the increased product. The towns and cities are prosperous because the country is prosperous.

There are great valleys of the richest soil in America waiting for you. If you have a little capital you can own one of these small farms yourself, or you can rent one on shares and pay for it out of the product in a few years. We will send you descriptive booklets and folders giving full information about the money-making opportunities for every member of the family.

You want to see what the country is really like; you can go there, work a few months, enjoy the delightful climate, the flowers, fruit and scenery, and earn enough to *pay your expenses both ways* by taking advantage of the

# Bargain Rates

Every Day March 1 to May 15

**$33 From Chicago** **$30 From St. Louis**

For one-way colonist tickets. Correspondingly reduced rates from almost any point East.

The trip is easily and comfortably made via the Rock Island. Two routes—one through New Mexico, the other through Colorado.

Through tourist cars—hours quicker than any other line. Double daily tourist service via El Paso—tri-weekly via Colorado. Dining-car service and free reclining chair cars, both routes.

The Rock Island has representatives throughout the United States; they are travel experts and can save you money. You can have their assistance in arranging the California trip for the asking. Consult your home ticket agent or write to the undersigned for our California book and complete folder "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeper."

Rock Island System — Southern Pacific Company — El Paso Route

Remember the Rock Island runs more tourist cars to California than any other route. Many of them are of the latest pattern, with wide windows and lavatory and toilet rooms for both men and women, unusually large and complete in their appointments.

Cut out this advertisement, fill in spaces below, and mail to

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System,
CHICAGO.

Please send me rates of fare to California and time tables—also your illustrated California book, and full information about your new service.

I expect to leave for California about _____

and would like information about _____ (NAME SECTION)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

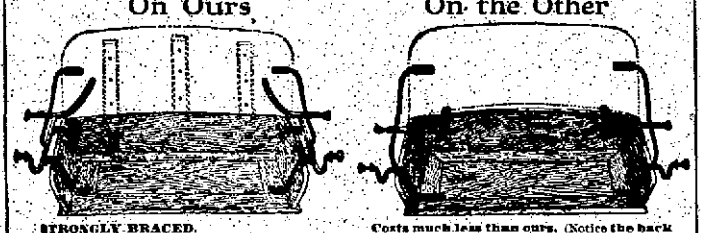
# SIDE BY SIDE!

## A Vehicle Comparison by Mr. F. L. SHAW,

**Manager of the Vehicle Interests of Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago**

We take special pride in the construction of our good work and in the promptness with which we fill every order. As much pains are taken in the building and shipping of our $36.00 buggy as our $60.00 job. **Differences in prices with us, mean different grades of materials, and the amount of labor expended. We court investigation.**

**A Side-by-Side Comparison** We ordered a buggy through another party. It took six weeks to get it. It is on our floor now. By the side of it is one of our jobs which we sell at about the same price. Note some of the differences:



| On Ours | On the Other |
|---|---|
| STRONGLY BRACED. | Costs much less than ours. (Notice the back does not fit the seat.) |
| BODY—24 inches wide. | 22 inches wide. (This means a smaller dash, smaller boot, narrower carpet, etc.) |
| AXLES—Long distance, with double collars and extra Collinite dust-proof collar. | Old style common axle—used 20 years ago. |
| 10-INCH WROUGHT IRON 5TH WHEEL, with anti-rattlers. | 8-inch malleable, with no anti-rattler. |
| STEEL SHAFT SHACKLES. You can't break them. | Malleable iron. (Easy to break.) |
| WROUGHT STEEL BAILEY LOOPS. (Right twist it, but won't break.) | Malleable iron. (One good lick and it's all over.) |
| 5-16 INCH ROUND SADDLE CLIPS. | Half-inch oval. |
| COMBINATION SHIFTING RAIL AND PANEL BRACE. | Separate castings—no shifting rail. |
| SEAT—16 inches deep. | 15 inches. (Less cloth or leather in trimming.) |
| ALL-HICKORY WHEELS. | Special hickory and elm—much cheaper. |
| 1-4 INCH BESSEMER STEEL TIRES. | 3-16 inch steel. |
| GENUINE LEATHER-TRIMMED SHAFTS. | Duck trimmed. |

There are many other differences and while each of them may seem small in itself, when taken together they represent a fair profit on a buggy.

**Send for our Vehicle Catalogue**

It finishes the story. It tells you how our work is built and shows further that most of the vehicles offered at prices lower than ours are the poorest that are made.

This pledge is constantly in view:

**We agree to furnish a stronger, better proportioned, nicer trimmed job, with greater lasting qualities, for less money than any factory in the world.**

Send for our book.

Our Wheels are Hand-Painted. Some Factories Dip Theirs.

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KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SONS, Roxbury, N. Y. Sold by all druggists. See testimonials.

**Blankets and Robes.**

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

A line of Franks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

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DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

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JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar are constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

**HOTEL IMPERIAL,**
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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Having recently purchased the above hotel and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR

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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

**BAYER HOUSE,**
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

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New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
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The Finest and most complet line of
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